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The Week.

THERE seems to be good reason to believe that the last Reconstruction bill will work, and bring the South to dry land at last, if not swimmingly and cheerfully, then by the hair of the head, or nape of the neck. There are numerous signs that the prospect of military government for an indefinite period is opening the eyes of the people to their folly in having relied so long on Mr. Johnson's power of obstruction. Preparations are making in Virginia, North Carolina, Alabama, and other States, by one party or other, to organize under the act; and there seems in some quarters, Virginia, for instance, to be a race going on to see which shall get hold of the convention first, and thus have the shaping of the new constitution. Of course, even under the law just passed, the military commander might, by a general order, frame rules and regulations for the election of the conventions, and the time and place of meeting. But then it is desirable not only that these rules and regulations should be uniform in all the States, but that they should emanate from Congress only, and that no sanction, express or implied, should be given to the doctrine that it is the business of the Executive, through the army, to organize civil governments in any State or Territory, conquered or unconquered, in or out of the Union. This is a heresy which must not be tolerated. Mr. Wilson, therefore, has very properly introduced into the House a bill, which will no doubt have passed before this meets the eyes of our readers, providing for the registration, before the 1st of September next, of all voters in each State qualified under the Reconstruction bill, and for the election of a constitutional convention within thirty days after this registration shall be complete. The constitution is to be submitted to the registered voters, and if adopted by a majority of them, and approved by Congress, senators and representatives from the State are to be admitted to their places. Whether Mr. Johnson will veto this or not, is of little consequence. If he is sincere in his expressions of opinion as to the condition and prospects of the country, he cannot consider it of much consequence now what anybody does, as our ruin, according to him, is accomplished.

THERE seems to be very little doubt that whether the last Reconstruction bill be the best bill possible or not, both Congress and the country are prepared to treat it as a finality and content themselves with it. An attempt of Mr. Stevens to revive the Reconstruction Committee of Fifteen has been defeated. Mr. Sumner, too, introduced last week a reconstruction bill of his own, framing "additional guarantees," the principal one being an oath to be administered to every officeholder and voter, binding him to maintain a republican form of government, to resist the payment of the rebel debt or the repudiation of the national debt, to discountenance all laws making distinctions on account of race or color, and to support education and the diffusion of education in public schools open to all. If, however, the success of the reconstruction process has to depend in the smallest degree on the fulfillment by really disloyal men of sworn promises to do certain things in the future, it is pretty certain to fail. A man's oath to support the diffusion of knowledge in common schools would, in nine cases out of ten, be of no more value than his oath to "support" early rising or cold bathing, or the general practice of virtue. This reliance on hard swearing is a thoroughly mediæval feeling, and its revival in our time as a great political agent is a singular phenomenon. An oath just now is of use simply as a test as to past conduct. An oath to bear allegiance in future to a particular government has, as all the world knows, never kept anybody in any age or country from rebelling whenever he thought the time had come. Who refrained from joining in the insurrection at the South solely because he had sworn allegiance to the Federal Government? We may by test oaths keep rebels from participating in the government for the present. We cannot by any test oaths bind rebels to good behaviour in the future.

MR. SUMNER also introduced resolutions declaring the illegality of the existing State governments at the South, the desirableness of providing temporary substitutes for them, and of excluding rebel agency from all influence in framing the new governments; of establishing public schools in the rebel States; and of giving each colored head of a family a "piece of land." In answer to various senators, Mr. Sumner said "the piece of land" might come from land sold for taxes, or that the President (this is surely a mistake of the reporters) *might have* required the land for the freedmen from each person pardoned as a condition of the pardon; and that this grant of land, though not necessary to a republican form of government, was necessary to "conclude the glorious work of emancipation." Somehow, the Senate did not seem to get the idea clearly, and the resolutions were laid on the table by a vote of 36 to 10.

THE indefatigable General Banks has got into the chair of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House once more—a fact not creditable to Mr. Colfax, as Mr. Banks's report on the neutrality laws, of which Mr. George Bemis made such a shocking exposure, ought, in the eyes of every intelligent and honest man, to disqualify the author for any position of responsibility with regard to our foreign relations hereafter. It is hard to say whether the report was more marked by ignorance or unscrupulousness, and it ought to have relegated the writer to as private a station as his peculiar gifts will allow him to occupy.

MR. JOHNSON has been delivering a kind of philosophical disquisition on the state and prospects of the country to General Halpine, alias Miles O'Reilly, who prints it from memory in the *New York Citizen*. It is so weighty and profound that we despair of giving the ordinary reader even an idea of the gist of it. It appears to contain the cream of Mr. Johnson's reflections on the existing crisis; and the conclusion

to which he has come is, that we have destroyed one slaveholding aristocracy at the South only to set up another, "a consolidated moneyed oligarchy," at the North, based on seven-thirties and five-twenties. This last-named aristocracy is, it appears, finally to devour us all. He says, "We have all read history"—but this is too sweeping a statement by half. Some of us have; others have not; and some of those who have read it have forgotten what they have read, Mr. Johnson, we fear, for one. For instance, we have carefully examined the statement he made last summer, that Charles II. had his head cut off, and although he afterward corrected himself, and said he meant James II., we doubt very much whether he could make good this correction either, as there are equally weighty reasons for believing that James escaped to Tunis, and died Emperor of Morocco. But let this pass. Mr. Johnson says "that we are to have a great financial crash this year; he holds it to be inevitable, though deprecating it, and having used every effort for its avoidance." When a financial crash has been "deprecated" in this way by a man of Mr. Johnson's standing, it is really too bad of it to come. The country, faulty though he be in many ways, ought to feel deeply grateful to him for the course he has adopted in this matter. If other public men would follow his example, and "deprecate" crashes, in time this plague of the commercial world would doubtless soon cease to trouble us. The following passage we cannot help quoting entire. An attempt at condensation would injure it. He says relying on Congressional enactments in our present condition is—

"Like a man sustaining his strength on brandy; so long as he can increase the dose daily he may get along in high good humor—just as we have been prospering on an irredeemable paper currency and fresh issues of public securities. But, sooner or later, the day will come in which brandy no longer can stimulate; nor can irredeemable promises to pay pass current as a circulating medium for ever. To the man will come a severe fit of sickness, teaching him that the laws of temperance can only be violated under fearful penalties; and to the nation will come a financial crash, teaching it that paper is only a representative of value, not value itself; and that the only true securities for our public credit must be looked for in a system of rigidly exacted obedience to all constitutional restraints, and a thorough system of economy in all branches of the public service."

The fallacy in the foregoing illustration, we take leave to say, lies in the assumption that when a man finds brandy does not agree with him he must necessarily become temperate and have a fit of sickness. This, as most politicians know, is a mistake. The usual course is to fall back on rye whisky, which some of our greatest statesmen take in daily doses, year after year, and go on getting wiser and wiser, and more and more profound, so that unless the supply of whisky should fail we expect, before the close of the present century, to see every problem, both political and social, solved on the stump or in conversations in back parlors.

THE impeachment enquiry has been committed anew to the Judiciary Committee, and the temper shown in the discussion of the matter both in the caucus and in the House, showed that the Fortieth Congress will deal with the subject with fairness, earnestness, and moderation. The reference to the Judiciary Committee is evidence of the general determination to make the proceeding a strictly judicial one, and not a roundabout way of getting rid of "an obstacle;" and there are various other indications that Congress is not anxious to hurry the Committee in reporting. Of course the result of the enquiry will depend on the nature of the evidence elicited; but the chances seem to be that, barring "startling revelations," the project will languish, and, if the President executes the Reconstruction bill fairly, expire in the fall.

It seems not unlikely that an attempt will soon be made to "flank" Brigham Young, and dispose satisfactorily of the troublesome question of polygamy, which for some years has loomed large and demanded settlement. The Nevada Legislature has been informed by Senator Stewart that he had good reasons for believing that Congress would be found quite ready, if Nevada would say she was willing, to make the

Territory of Utah a part of the State of Nevada. Nevada appears to be willing; and on Feb. 6th the State Senate, by a vote of 14 to 2, ordered engrossed a resolution favorable to accepting Utah, or the "State of Deseret;" for it is true, though not very well known, that the Mormons have a shadowy sort of State government, with Young as governor and other Mormons as senators and members of assembly, who annually go through the form of ratifying the acts of the Territorial and National governments. It was of course to be expected that the citizens of Nevada should entertain a robust self-confidence in their ability to "handle" any number of Mormons and "to clean out Brigham" if need be within a brief period of time. But still it looks very much as if Nevada, when she gets Utah, will find that she has been swallowed instead of swallowing. There are perhaps, says the Salt Lake City *Union Vedette*, 3,000 legal voters in Utah. But there were in 1860 about 20,000 male inhabitants, and though a great majority of these are foreigners, their disabilities could soon be removed, and they be made voters. The estimated population of Nevada is 30,000 souls, of whom, to be sure, fewer are women and children than in an equal number of Mormons; but yet the voters in Nevada could be outnumbered, it is likely, by those in the Territory. So it is not wonderful that Young expresses his satisfaction with the proposed measure, declines to send money to Nevada to defeat it, and only stipulates that the new State shall be called the State of Deseret.

THE Southern Relief Commission has not, we believe, been very successful in its operations, at least in this city. A few days ago only \$20,000 had been raised, and over half this was contributed by members of the Committee. A plan for lending money in moderate sums to persons struggling to restore their fortunes by cultivating their plantations has been discussed with some of the leading bankers, and decided to be impracticable. There is, evidently, little or no faith current in Southern promises to pay. What is more unfortunate is, however, that there is very little disposition to give for the relief of Southern wants. There is very little question that when the war closed a million dollars might have been raised for this purpose as readily as a thousand now can be. People's charity has been dried up; and not only this, but their disgust excited to the last degree by the language of the Southern press and orators, by the position of defiance which the Southern public has allowed itself to be induced to take up, and by the outrageous treatment of Northern settlers and Unionists, black and white, in various parts of the country. No opportunity has been allowed to slip of insulting the Northern people, and even such philanthropic efforts as have been already made for the relief of distress or the diffusion of education have been ascribed to the vilest motives. We do not say these things for the purpose of stimulating the prevailing disposition not to give. On the contrary, putting Christian duty altogether aside, we believe that the North does itself real material service in endeavoring to lighten the burden of Southern suffering. But Northern men and women are made of flesh and blood; and it is not in flesh and blood to bear what they have had to bear from the South during the last thirty or forty years, and still to be charitable in these hard times to persons who curse and revile their benefactors in the act of eating their bread. At all events, there is just now an opinion prevalent amongst very good and wise men, that the South will never be brought to its senses except through greater privation than has yet befallen it.

THE Reform movement in England has entered on a new and interesting stage. Mr. Disraeli has withdrawn his unfortunate declaratory resolutions and brought in a bill with which Mr. Gladstone is disposed to be satisfied, but which meets with Mr. Bright's unqualified disapprobation. The result seems to be a split in the Liberal ranks, Mr. Bright going off and having, it is said, determined on a course of agitation of extraordinary energy and activity during the coming summer. The chances are that, as far as the House of Commons is concerned, the bill will pass, unless the opposition out of doors is very strong. The six-pound rating (for the poor), below which Mr. Disraeli is not apparently disposed to go, and the plurality of votes—that is, two or three votes by one person on different kinds of qualification—are an abomination to the Radicals, but the Gladstonites seem disposed

to take what they can get. One most important measure has just passed a second reading, providing for the eligibility of Catholics to the Lord Chancellorship both of England and Ireland and the Lord Lieutenantcy of Ireland. This may seem a small matter, but it shows in reality that the great principle of religious and political equality is making rapid progress. Another most significant incident is the recent invitation of Cardinal Cullen—hat, red stockings, and all—to dine with the Lord Lieutenant, who has always been personally a Tory of the Tories. It is quite evident that a few more blows will upset the Irish Church Establishment, one of the most disgraceful caricatures on a religious organization the world has ever seen.

THE Fenian insurrection in Ireland is clearly a total failure; in fact, the movement is hardly worth the name of an insurrection. Of course it has created a good deal of excitement here, and has doubtless answered one object of its promoters in giving a fresh impetus to the collection of money on this side of the water. In this work of defrauding the poor, these worthies are, we regret to say, aided and abetted by native demagogues and by a portion of the press, such as the *New York Tribune*, in which one expects to find not only more conscience, but more intellectual pride. This and other journals have, during the past week, been working up "the rebellion" in the regular sensational style with which readers of the "great dailies" are unhappily so familiar, doubting the telegrams from London, and drawing wonderful pictures of imaginary armies that are to assemble in Connaught, and march through Athlone and the Bog of Allen to tear the British Empire to pieces, or else entrench themselves in Tipperary—a county whose strategic advantages *The Tribune* describes in glowing terms. It appears "cavalry cannot act in such a country; artillery, except in very small pieces, cannot be transported over the hills and mountains; and the ground is favorable to ambuscades." There is more of the same which we forbear quoting; the picture it conjures up of the approaching fate of the British army in Ireland is too harrowing for contemplation, richly as that body of men has deserved its impending annihilation. We venture to say, with all deference, that there is no flourishing daily paper in the United States which will not find a rigid abstinence from humbug of all sorts for the space of two years worth more to it both in character and circulation than a dozen "special contributors" of the highest reputation, at ten thousand dollars apiece. The *New York Times* has strong claims on the gratitude of the poor Fenians as well as of the general public, for its words of soberness and truth on this sad and repulsive Fenian swindle; for, in America, swindle it is. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens did the country good service too, and himself credit, by refusing to permit the introduction of the ridiculous Donnelly resolutions, claiming belligerent rights for the "Irish Republic." He had a chance for a good joke when doing so, which we are sorry he let slip.

THE French Emperor has finally, it appears, resolved to stand by his scheme of military reorganization, by which at one stroke he places 160,000 men every year at the disposal of the Government—that is, every young man in the country of the age of twenty, and not physically incapable; so that one-half the able-bodied men will have to serve five years in the regular army and four in the reserve, and the other half five in the reserve and four in the National Guard—the reserve, be it remembered, being liable to be called out at any time by a mere order from the Minister of War. This will raise the French force under arms, in six years, to 1,232,215 men. The hostility which this measure excited when it was first proposed, especially amongst the peasantry, who are the real basis on which the Imperial dynasty rests, was so very great that it was supposed until within a few days that it would be abandoned. But the Emperor, it appears, is resolute, and is determined to submit his hold on power to the severest strain it has yet experienced. What this draft means to the people may be best estimated by stating that out of 325,000, the total number annually of Frenchmen who attain their twentieth year, about 110,000 of them are unfit for service, throwing the burden of the conscription on the remaining 215,000, of whom over 30,000 have to be exempted for family reasons.

THE FREEDMEN.

WE omitted inadvertently last week to add to our paragraph on the new common-school system in Tennessee some remarks on the effect which its adoption will have on the freedmen's schools at present in operation throughout the State. We instanced the valuable services of the American Freedman's Union Commission, and should have stated in the same connection that other societies than those united under this organization have done and are still doing honorable and useful work in Tennessee, and must share the credit of the recent statute establishing common schools. But this Commission and its branches, foreseeing the day when their pioneer labors would be absorbed by State action like this of Tennessee, purposely discarded sectarian tests in the selection of teachers, yet, believing that "the religious instruction most needed by the freed people is the application of Christianity to moral conduct," appointed none who appeared to be incapable of making this application. Their schools are consequently ready at any moment to be turned over to the State authorities—needing no assimilation—and they bequeath besides a corps of intelligent, well-trained colored teachers who will assuredly not be rejected by the State. With the denominational or distinctively "evangelical" schools the case is different; they cannot contend with the common-school system, and yet they can scarcely coexist with it. Their teachers will probably transfer themselves to new fields. Those of the Commission are already preparing to do so—not, however, as if turned out, but in pursuance of their original design.

—Edmund Ruffin, of South Carolina, fired the first gun of the war against the Union. Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, has just appointed George L. Ruffin, a colored man, justice of the peace for the county of Suffolk.

—On the 4th, a meeting of white and colored persons was held at Military Hall, Charleston, to take steps for the formation of a Union Republican party in South Carolina. Some 300 persons were in attendance, and a committee was appointed to report a plan of organization.

—According to *The Southern Churchman*, there are outside of Charleston thirty-one teachers and two thousand pupils in South Carolina, as follows: in Columbia, eleven teachers and eight hundred pupils; in Greenville, three teachers and about a hundred and fifty pupils; in Anderson, one teacher and about a hundred pupils; Lexington, one teacher and ninety-seven pupils; at Belton, one teacher and thirty-five pupils; in Orangeburg, two teachers and about two hundred pupils; at Aiken, one teacher and a hundred and five pupils; in Sumter, Kershaw, and that part of the State in general, eleven teachers and about five hundred pupils. In these schools are taught spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography.

—*The Charleston Mercury* acknowledges that the experiment of negro testimony in the courts "has been attended with more than the usual success. The colored witnesses appear to be fully impressed with the obligations placed upon them, and their evidence has been generally given with an evident desire to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. There is but little tendency to prolixity and discursiveness, and the testimony has in the late criminal trials been clear, intelligible, and to the point."

—The chief of police at Memphis has been arrested by order of Gen. Howard. His alleged offence is arresting negroes without cause, and hiring them out from jail, without trial, to planters, for small sums which the latter paid him.

—The Missouri House, on the 7th, passed a bill to amend the constitution so as to allow negroes to vote. Yeas, 76; nays, 46.

—The teachers of the colored schools of the District of Columbia met in Washington on the 1st inst., to report progress and to adopt a course of parallel studies. The attendance of some schools during the month of February was extraordinary, thirteen ranging from 100 to 90 per cent. The course decided upon is to be printed for the use and guidance of the teachers.

Notes.

LITERARY.

In our issue of January 3d we noticed the complaint of the proprietors of *Littell's Living Age* against Messrs. Harper & Bros., for having published in book form the serials "Miss Marjoribanks," "Sir Brook Fossbrooke," and "Madonna Mary," before they had been completed in *The Living Age*, and when it was known that Messrs. Littell, Son & Co. also contemplated making a book of them. A fresh controversy has arisen between the same parties, standing in the same relation, the subject being the novel called "The Claverings." In the last number of *Harper's Weekly* appears a statement intended as a defence of the course pursued by the Messrs. Harper, in the former as well as in the latter instance. It is asserted on their behalf: 1. That, being the American publishers of Mr. Trollope's novels, they paid more than two thousand dollars for the advance sheets of "The Claverings," before they were issued in England, and paid that sum for the express purpose of avoiding competition in this country. 2. That they announced the work as in press on the 13th of January, 1866, whereas Messrs. Littell, Son & Co. did not begin its publication in *The Living Age* till March. 3. That the latter, therefore, made their stereotype plates although they were in full possession of these facts, and that a part of the plates which they reproach the Messrs. Harper with not buying, to cover them from loss, "were made from the Harpers' own edition after its publication." And so the controversy stands for the present.

—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who have just issued "Our Mutual Friend," are said to have been very successful in selling their "Diamond Dickens." It is prettier by far than the rival edition put forth by Peterson & Brothers. The latter, however, has two or three decided advantages. We confess to finding the type of the Boston edition rather small for comfortable reading; then, secondly, the Philadelphia edition is rather cheaper than the other; thirdly, it uses the English illustrations, many of which are spirited and good. Mr. Eytinge's designs in "Our Mutual Friend" are nearly as bad as the worst pictures we ever saw in a book. They would disgrace a Sunday-school book. Peterson & Brothers, in their "Mutual Friend," without denouncing Ticknor & Fields by name, print on the title-page a note which declares that Mr. Dickens has never had any money for advanced sheets or manuscripts of his works from any American publishing houses except those of the Harpers, in this city, and the Petersons, in Philadelphia; that from these two houses, one of which publishes his novels in *Harper's Weekly*, and the other in book form, Mr. Dickens has received thousands of dollars, having had \$5,000 in gold for "Our Mutual Friend" and a like sum for each of his other late books. The easy inference is, that Ticknor & Fields have violated what we may call the rights of the Harpers and the Petersons; much as if those latter firms should print cheap editions of certain poets who, as they say in the fly-leaves of the Ticknor & Fields editions, "desire that with those gentlemen the right of publishing in America," etc., etc.

—Fifteen or sixteen years ago, "Artemus Ward," "Mrs. Partington," and "Miles O'Reilly" were laboring together in one office, each in his degree, working on *The Carpet Bag*, a not very comic comic paper, which was then trying hard to live, and was published in Boston. We may be mistaken, but we think "Fanny Fern" was first successful in the columns of the same journal. Mr. Halpine and Mr. Shillaber, who were at the same time on the staff of the clever and witty *Boston Post*, filled the positions of editorial managers of *The Carpet Bag*, while young Browne worked as a compositor. If he wrote at all, it must have been only the most trifling and ephemeral articles, for he was no more than a boy in years. He was not thirty-two, we are told, at the time of his death. But it may very well be that it was partly because of his association with these humorous writers that the attention of the future "Artemus Ward" was turned to the field where he afterwards won money and reputation, and the affection, we may almost say, of very many men in the New World and the Old. His first "Ward" letter, written to fill space in the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, seems to have been struck off in a hurry, without much thought, and to have been suggested by his recollections of the old office in Boston. Its allusions and phraseology recall to our recollection the "funny" Tabithas and

Ethans that used, twenty years ago, to figure in the Massachusetts and Maine comic papers and comic columns of papers. Till the end of his literary career he mingled in his works the humor of the East and West. The first letter in *The Plaindealer* proving a success, other letters were written which all the world has read, and after 1860, when Mr. Browne came to New York to assist in carrying on *Vanity Fair*, there was nothing to which he turned his attention—California and Mormon tours, lecturing at home and abroad, book-writing or writing for the newspapers—in which his powers of fun-making did not give him great success. To characterize and describe properly his humor—for he had a fund of native humor, though he used freely the written and spoken humor of the two great sections in which most of his brief life was passed—would require more than our present space to do. He was born in the State of Maine in 1836, in the town of Waterford, and died in Southampton on the 7th inst. Remembering his old trade, he has left his money to his mother during her life, and after her death it is to be used for establishing an asylum for printers.

—Now that England is again in the throes of the Reform agitation, the publication of the correspondence of the late Earl Grey with King William IV. and with Sir Herbert Taylor is very opportune. This correspondence extended from November, 1830, to June, 1832, and includes all that passed between the king and his minister on the subject of the Reform Act. It throws much light on matters that seemed well known, and reveals many new facts. It shows that William's mind was not as free from prejudice as was popularly supposed at the time; but that he had all the narrowness, fears, and political animosity of the oldest Tory, and, in addition, an extraordinary constitutional timidity. Had the premier been less conciliatory, adroit, or judicious, the king would have had an absolute horror of the policy which he unwillingly adopted, and a revolution would have prevented reform. One singular revelation of these letters is the great importance of Sir Herbert Taylor, the king's private secretary, who, to a great extent, seems to have been his master's master. Very few letters were written by the king personally, who was troubled with a rheumatic affection of the hand, but were merely signed by him. Most of the letters in the collection were either written by or addressed to Sir H. Taylor, who played the part of a mediator in smoothing over any difficulties that arose between the king and his ministers. At times he was empowered to use his discretion in deciding whether the king should hear the whole or only a part of a ministerial communication. The correspondence shows that the king's support of his ministers was far from unflinching, and that it was only by the vivid pictures of what might happen in the event of the rejection of the Reform Bill unaccompanied by a dissolution, presented to him by his ministers, that he reluctantly yielded, and gained great applause for his courage and promptitude. In one of the letters signed by the king is a remarkable argument against election by ballot; he says "that nothing should ever induce him to yield to it, or to sanction a practice which would, in his opinion, be a protection to concealment, would abolish the influence of fear and shame, and would be inconsistent with the manly spirit and the free avowal of opinion which distinguish the people of England." Some of the letters of the king have been reserved from publication by the editor, the present Earl Grey.

—"The Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1866," the issue of which has been thus long delayed, is just published. Mr. Wells, Chairman of the U. S. Revenue Commission, not having been able, on account of his duties to the Government, to superintend the preparation of the volume, Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, its publishers, put it in charge of Dr. Samuel Kneeland, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

—A circular from Mr. T. W. Higginson announces that a new edition of the "Harvard Memorial Biographies" is now in preparation, and requests from any source corrections of possible errors in the former edition. Mr. Higginson's address is Newport, R. I., and information should be sent him during the present month to be in season.

—The American Unitarian Association, whose list of publications embraces the works, or some of the works, of James Martineau, William Ellery Channing, Andrews Norton, A. P. Peabody, Henry Ware, Jr., George R. Noyes, William H. Furness, James Freeman Clarke, Daniel Schenkel, and others who have thought deeply on religion, has made a still further reduction in the prices of its books. Many of them are indeed extremely cheap. Channing's works, for example, are to be had

in three volumes for a dollar a volume; Dr. Noyes's translations of Ecclesiastes, Job, the Psalms, Proverbs, the Hebrew Prophets, are offered in four volumes for no more money than a dollar and a quarter apiece.

—The printer of the slips issued to the readers of the Philological Society's Dictionary finds that during the last six years he has sent out 530,800 slips, with the printed titles of books read. Many thousands of written slips were sent in during the first four years of the work, so that the number of extracts sent in cannot be set at less than 550,000. This large mass of papers is in the hands of twenty-nine sub-editors, to be arranged and abstracted before coming under the eye of the revising committee of the Philological Society. It is proposed to publish the abstract of the whole of the material as a "Concise Dictionary," in order that the words and authorities for words, meanings, and usages still wanting for the Full Dictionary may, as far as possible, be supplied. It will, however, be two or three years before the "Concise Dictionary" can appear, so much work still remains to be done.

RITUALISM.*

THE appearance of this book is a portent not to be neglected by those who feel an interest in the Anglican Church. It is the confession of earnest-minded men that the Establishment has been weighed and found wanting, and it records their gropings for a remedy that shall enable their ecclesiastical system to do some reasonable share of the duty allotted to it, and to give some not totally inadequate return for the vast power and wealth with which it has been entrusted.

While awarding to the authors full measure of recognition for the zeal which prompts their efforts, it is impossible for a disinterested observer not to feel some wonder at the direction of those efforts, and no little misgiving as to their probable result. The questions of vestments and candles are of small importance, and if these only were involved, the enthusiasts who seek by such instrumentalities to overcome the fatal indifference of the age might safely be left to amuse themselves with whatever toys they might select to gratify their æsthetic ecclesiology; but these ritualistic observances are only an efflorescence of which the roots lie in strata that the world had supposed to be pretty effectually covered by modern progress.

The gentlemen who have contributed to this volume unite in deprecating the accusation that they are on the high road to Rome. It is true that they admit one of the great objects of the movement to be the reunion of the Church of England with those of Rome and Greece (p. 28), and they fail to show how they expect those great bodies, petrified in the moulds of centuries, to adapt themselves to the exigencies of the insular fragment; but they are careful to assume to themselves the exclusive title of Catholics, while the elder branch is distinguished as the Roman Church. At the same time, the differences between the churches are rapidly narrowing under their reverential zeal for antiquity and tradition, and this without any concessions from the other side.

Eucharistic adoration, of which they have been accused, they indignantly deny; but if symbolism have the vital force which they attribute to it, the esoteric meaning of candles and incense and genuflections can hardly be long in overcoming a doctrinal repugnance which soon will be scarcely more than nominal. When the power of dispensation is admitted to be lodged somewhere in the Church, the reverence for tradition already displayed will soon be willing to acknowledge that it can only be exercised by the representative of him to whom the symbolical keys were entrusted. When the Lutheran doctrine of justification—the great awakener of the human mind from centuries of torpor—is stigmatized as "the most anti-missionary and anti-Christian of dogmas" (p. 49), the door is at once opened to all the abuses of the Thomist theology, which, as the most profitable part of her power over the consciences of men, the Latin Church can never abandon, and the rejection of which is one of the insuperable obstacles to her reunion with the reformers. When the reformers and the Reformation, indeed, are never alluded to save in terms of dislike and contempt, the unity of feeling with the old Mother of Churches becomes sympathetic, and little is left of concessions requisite to reconciliation except the question of clerical celibacy. On that point, too, they are already nearly at one with Rome.

No one who has attentively studied the history of the Christian Church can fail to recognize the vast influence which has been exercised over both its temporal and spiritual concerns by the institution of celibacy. The line

of separation which it draws between the priest and the people, while rendering the minister of Christ in some respects less efficient for good, vastly increases his value as an instrument of aggression and aggrandizement, and the sacerdotal caste which is thus formed becomes compact and easily wielded by the central directing power. The force of a church based on such institutions is therefore greatly increased, whether for good or evil, and as the leaders of the Ritualistic movement evidently dread nothing so much as the apathy and stagnation of the Anglican Establishment, they wisely seek to give to their Church of the future the advantages derivable from sundering all the ties that would otherwise divide the allegiance of their recruits.

Accordingly we find in this volume, besides various scattering allusions to the benefits of celibacy, no less than three essays devoted to setting it forth as attractively as possible in both its spiritual and temporal aspects. One essayist, the Rev. T. Thellusson Carter, is earnest in proving the superior holiness of virginity. He does not hesitate to aver that "Our Lord himself first announced this law," basing his faith on the well-worn text, "Sunt eunuchi qui castraverunt seipsos propter regnum celorum;" he urges that "virginity, as a specially sacred state, had moreover been from the beginning dimly revealed through the virgin birth foretold as the hope of redeemed humanity;" and the form in which this sanctifying law should be enforced he is willing to accept from the traditions of Latin sacerdotalism: "It was left, as in similar cases, to the Church, in her subsequent development, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, to form regulations which might adapt to changing circumstances of time and place those secret inspirations of the life of God within the souls of his elect" (pp. 366-7). As the Church has decreed that this higher estate of virgin purity shall be sealed and secured by irrevocable vows, Mr. Carter accordingly proceeds to argue that "a continuous self-devotion" to God is no surrender of self unless the devotee specifically vows himself and thus cuts off all possibility of retraction: "We cannot give while yet we retain. To retain the power of continually giving, we must be really still holding it in our possession. We have not given it from the very fact that we still have the power of giving." If these "secret inspirations of the life of God" were to be indulged for the purpose of ministering to the wants of fellow-creatures, there would be some practical Christianity in Mr. Carter's teachings; but his doctrines point merely to the selfish piety of the anchorite, and his followers are only urged to earn the higher rewards which he assures them that God has promised to those who abstract themselves from all the purposes of their being.

It is so strange a sight to see an Englishman of the nineteenth century indulging in these mystic raptures and beatitudes, that we turn with some relief to the Rev. James Edward Vaux, who treats us to a somewhat more practical view of the matter. It is true that he argues from the marriage service that marriage is simply a refuge from fornication, a refuge not required by the elect, for those who may hesitate to bind themselves to an austerity which the weakness of the flesh may not be able to endure are comforted with the assurance, similar to that given by the Council of Trent, that they may expect "the special grace which God would give to such as voluntarily embraced the higher life" (p. 177). Still, Mr. Vaux does not indulge much in abstractions. After a weak and one-sided sketch of the ascetic celibacy, of which the animus may be inferred from his repeating without reprobation the scurril jests of St. Jerome—the most unscrupulous of polemics—in his assault on Vigilantius, Mr. Vaux proceeds to prove that church work can be much more cheaply and efficiently performed by celibates than by married men. Through careful calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence, he shows the impossibility of a curate maintaining even a small family respectably on a stipend of £150, and he gives the ghastly figures of five thousand curates in England and Wales whose incomes do not exceed £80; many hundreds of whom have not £50 a year, while even among incumbents there are five thousand whose revenues are under £150. "Christian prudence and wisdom," therefore, "would dictate a celibate rather than a married life, as that which is best not only for themselves but for those committed to their charge" (p. 162). A pastor's wife, he declares, however estimable she may be, is only an interference with the parochial work of her husband; a pastor's children, in most instances, are notoriously ill-trained; and, where poverty is not to be dreaded, the incomes of rich benefices ought not to be expended in "bonnets, parasols, and perambulators."

Descending in the scale, we find the Rev. S. Baring-Gould urging the introduction of celibacy from a still more worldly point of view. As the Church at present is manifestly unable to perform its work; as in large parishes the rector cannot possibly attend to all his flock; as he must not neglect the higher classes, and thus he, perforce, abandons the lower to dissent or infidelity; as, at the best, missionary efforts among the poor are not suited to gentlemen; as, moreover, gentlemen from the universities are

* "The Church and the World: Essays on Questions of the Day. By Various Writers. First Series. Edited by the Rev. Orley Shipley, M.A." Second edition, 1 vol. 8vo. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

growing rarer and rarer applicants for holy orders, and as gentlemen unfortunately are not furnished by the special theological schools, such as St. Bees and St. Aidan's, while gentlemen are absolutely requisite for rectorships, there is evident need of some system which will enable the rich incumbent to enjoy his living in peace; which will preserve the Church as an attractive refuge for the younger scions of gentle stock; which will enable the rector to hire good working assistants, in the shape of bare-legged friars, at a rate which he can afford without depleting his purse too severely; and which will give a career and sphere of action to the honest religious enthusiasm of the lower classes without intruding into the high places reserved for superior intellect and social standing. To accomplish all this; to preserve the aristocratic character of the Church, while enabling it to perform its real work and to reach the masses that are now utterly beyond its reach, the suggestion of monastic orders, full of holy zeal and careless as to the goods of this world, is not unpromising and certainly is economical.

If the testimony of these essayists is to be relied on, something is surely needed to incite the Church to its duty, for, in the words of one of them, "the shopkeepers and artisans have gone to dissent, and the laborers have gone to the devil" (p. 40). They are mistaken, however, as to the efficacy of their panaceas and placebos. That a radical reform is wanted, no one who reads their pages can doubt; but when that reform comes, it will consist of something very different from intoning and incense and chasubles and celibacy. It will not be the revival of mediæval sacerdotalism, but the overthrow of the aristocratic constitution, which is the real cause of the inefficiency of the Establishment. As long as the cure of souls is private property, to be openly and shamelessly bought and sold, or to be used as a provision for penniless young gentlemen, the evils which these new tractarians so vividly depict and so earnestly deprecate cannot but increase and multiply. In the revolution which, sooner or later, is destined to modify all the institutions of England, the Church will have her share. The Irish Establishment, which exaggerates all the shortcomings of its parent, will be the first to feel that this age has no place for shams, and its downfall will be the handwriting on the wall. Anglicanism can do without a temporal head as supreme defender of the faith, without presentations of livings, prelates with fabulous revenues, prebendaries, deans, and rectors richly paid for doing nothing, and five thousand curates starving on £80 a year. Anglicanism, relieved from the incubus of state support and hoary aristocratic abuses, can well vindicate its place in the world and perform the duty that lies before it. Such a reform, however, is past the comprehension of these feudal-minded university gentlemen, who have adopted mediævalism as the remedy, and who look with most amusing disdain on dissent and evangelical Anglicanism as forms of faith which "could at best rank only as a creed for the lower middle-class" (p. 33).

THE GENIUS OF SOLITUDE.*

It was said of Rufus Choate that "he drove a substantive and six." It might be answered that if he did he had twelve excuses for doing it—his adjectives were addressed to jurymen. Mr. Alger, being a clergyman, may, perhaps, plead a not dissimilar excuse for a similar fault in style. However that may be, his readers are sure to be offended by his great diffuseness and frequent displays of fine writing. This latest work of his happens, too, to be a particularly unfortunate one for a writer whose style is vicious in this respect; who doubtless could be dumb, but apparently cannot be terse. His subject, one fancies, ought to have been treated of by an Elizabethan master of sententiousness and learning and force of thought, and waiting till our days of newspapers and bookmaking has waited to fall on evil times. All literature, ancient and modern, is so full of most excellent matter in praise and in dispraise of solitude, that there is hardly another subject to be named concerning which the reader of good reading knows so much deep wisdom, so much poetry, so much true eloquence and fine rhetoric, and any new writer attempting the theme provokes dangerous comparisons. Of the subjects of human thought that have been cause of greater wealth of general literature—death, fame, love, woman, poverty, riches, ambition, virtue—of these we may say that they are too wide and embrace too much for anything like exhaustive treatment by the essayist; so that if one were selecting a theme for an essay which should afford the amplest scope for display of acquired mental treasures, and for the use of every natural power, of thought, feeling, imagination, and yet should at the same time be comprehensible within such limits as might well consist with effective literary handling, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to choose a better theme than this of solitude.

* "The Solitudes of Nature and of Man; or, The Loneliness of Human Life. By William Rouseverille Alger." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867. Pp. 412.

Because, then, the subject is so good, and because so much is so easily attainable by the essayist (it is true that here the difference between much and all is immense), the reader less willingly pardons if, instead of the profound and the beautiful and fresh and fine, the commonplace is offered him, if he is put off with cheap ornamentation and flimsy thinness of reflection for solid and noble elegance and beauty and wealth; and he feels disposed to wish that nothing had been done rather than the field been entered and occupied but not cultivated well and made to yield all it might yield.

The volume opens thus:

"At the first glance every form of being appears to be social, all the world gregarious. The trees interlace their branches and wave their tops in multitudinous union" [as in de Guérin]; "from the equator to the poles the waves shoulder their fellows" [as in Alexander Smith], "glistening with innumerable smiles; whole orchards of apple blossoms blush in correspondence; in regiments the ranks of corn laugh on the slopes" [as in the poets *passim*]; "ponds of lilies uncover their bosoms to the moon" [like a single lily in Heine]; "meadows of grass-blades bend before the breeze; and the barley rustles millions of beards together on the lea. Shoals of herring solidify acres of the sea with moving life."

The passage is from the "Introduction," which has the second title, "Gregariousness and Solitude," and is the beginning of Part I. There are four of these parts, "The Solitudes of Nature," "The Solitudes of Man," "The Morals of Solitude," and "Sketches of Lonely Characters"—the last, by much the longest, being composed of essays, varying in length from a page to a dozen pages, on the characters of men whose lives illustrate the good and the evils of solitude. Jesus is the topic of one of these essays, Buddha of another, Zimmermann of another, and the list includes Cicero, Tacitus, Boethius, Leopardi, Byron, Dante, Hobbes, Comte, Schopenhauer, Rousseau, Blanco White, Eugénie de Guérin and her brother, John Foster, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Chopin, Pascal, Confucius, Milton, Tasso, and several others of the great names of ancient and modern times. Under the heading of "The Solitudes of Nature" we have the sub-headings of "The Solitude of the Desert," "The Solitude of the Prairie," "of the Ocean," "of the Pole," "of the Forest," "of the Mountain," "of the Ruin." These preparatory paragraphs were written to induce in the reader a mood of mind proper for the contemplation of the various forms of human loneliness, or, in the author's phrase, "to envelope the soul in a fitting atmosphere of sentiment." They are done in the same manner as the paragraph already quoted. Borrowed thoughts or trite thoughts are enveloped in a befitting or an unbecoming fog of rolling words, a mist that sometimes clears away and lets be seen the poverty of the landscape it seeks to hide, as witness this passage of dials dolorous and admeasurements rather ludicrous:

"Finally we come to the solitude of ruins—relics of the past, the dolorous dials Time in his passage has raised to count his triumphs and measure his progress by. A ruin is forlorn and pathetic wherever seen—in an isle of African Nilus, or in a forest of American Yucatan. The traveler falls into a pensive mood as, leaning against the stony masses of Merot, whose glory the barbarian overthrew and the sands buried, he scans the fading marks of the life that once flourished there but is there no more. The same experience comes over him when his steed wearily penetrates the rank grass among the mounds of Copan and Palenque, the riddle of whose forgotten civilization baffles every guesser who inspects its remains, where the luxuriant vegetation has overgrown tombs and temples—here and there a palm, in its restless upshoot, cleaving altar and image, column and skull. The sphinx, that strange emblematic creature, half beast, half humanity, sixty-two feet in height, a hundred and forty feet long, still tarries amidst the mute desolation whence the whole race and civilization that set it there have vanished."

"The Human Solitudes" are "The Solitude of Individuality," "of Grief," "of Love," "of Occupation," "of Selfishness," "of Genius," "of Death." Here the book begins to have something of value, and the author shows that his reading has been wide. It indulges freely in quotation; and much that has been said by those who have made acquaintance with solitude, whose genius has isolated them, or whose occupation has deprived them of companionship, or whose misanthropy has hedged them from their kind—what has been said by the recluse, the exiled, the hermit, the suffering, may here be read to the profit of the reader. It is mixed, though, with things like this, which are profusely scattered through the second and third divisions of the treatise:

"If you saw two persons intently reading, and, looking over their shoulders, found that one was absorbed in *Lola Montez* on the 'Arts of the Toilet,' the other in Saint Bruno on the 'Delights of Solitude,' you would infer a great difference in their respective characters—a difference of mental dignity decidedly to the advantage of the latter. Most men live blindly, to repeat a routine of drudgery and indulgence without any deliberately chosen and maintained aims. Many live to outstrip their rivals, pursue their enemies, gratify their lusts, and make a display."

It is like most sermons after most texts. Stuff like that, bad alone, is

doubly dull and tiresome when read in connection with such thoughts as this of Kant's, who, at the end of life, speaking of the shortest month, cries out in bitterness: "O happy February! in which man has least to bear—least pain, least sorrow, least self-reproach;" or this voice of Pascal's misery: "Man is so unhappy that he is weary without any cause for weariness;" or this beautiful expression by the great historian of his sadness, as he paced the covered walk of acacias after he had finished the work which had been for so many years a companion to him, and, as Keats says, a refuge: "But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

Part Third deals with "The Dangers of Solitude" and "The Uses of Solitude," and, with the Second Part, contains most of that on account of which we should care to own the book. Nevertheless, it is the concluding portion, that devoted to illustrative examples, which shows the author in the best light. He has made it a great deal longer than it needed to be by little essays which are really good for nothing as regards his special purpose, or for any purpose. The page devoted to Lucretius, for example, has very much the look of "padding," or is it introduced for the sake of this image?—"When we think of the immense mind of Lucretius escaping into the invisible, it affects us as though some lone planet had rolled off the flaming walls of the universe and sunk into night"—which is bad enough. Lucretius was a great poet, and committed suicide, but we do not know that he was lonely. If you say all such are lonely, you say what, perhaps, is true; but neither the good nor bad effects of solitude, nor the nature of solitude, are made more clear by the assertion. Great and small, we all are lonely at times—as regards the "abyssal depths of personality" are all always lonely—but that does not make a crowd of us, or one of us, a good illustration of the effects of solitude; does not, at any rate, unless more is known of us than that we lived and died, and may or must have experienced solitude. Others in Mr. Alger's list we would likewise strike out. Indeed, we doubt if all the useful matter in this appendix might not better have been judiciously incorporated with the text of the essay proper. Nevertheless, as we have said, these final essays show the author to more advantage than the other parts of his book. There are ten or twelve pages that contain a clear and intelligible account of Buddha; there are some remarks on Thoreau which seem to us just, if they are not wholly new—for there is already in existence an essay that pretty much exhausts the subject, and which Mr. Alger has read; and there is a very good estimate of the genius of Maurice de Guérin. It is high praise—we ought to say we praise it highly—when we say that it seems to us the essay on de Guérin from which one gets the fullest and truest idea of him. The last of these semi-biographical essays is entitled "Jesus," and is noticeable as being—somewhat unnecessarily, we should say—a frank presentation of the writer's views as regards the divinity, or, as he would say, the deity of Christ.

Zimmermann's "Solitude," of which we have read only the Philadelphia edition of the common English translation, in which the original appears reduced to one-fourth of its length, treats of solitude as "occasional retirement" from the busy world. Its scope is thus narrower than Mr. Alger's treatise. Moreover, Zimmermann died almost seventy-two years ago, and much has been written since his time. We recommend, then, the purchase of both books.

LANMAN'S DICTIONARY OF CONGRESS.*

WE have too long deferred a notice of this book, which is a remarkable one, whether we consider the scope of its design or the manner of its execution. American literature, as was long since remarked by de Tocqueville, is singularly deficient in books which reveal the spirit of our politics and the personal characters of our public men. With a documentary history of our Congress fuller than is possessed by any other nation of its national legislature, our political history presents for the most part an arid waste, and our few political biographies are remarkably unreadable. We do not forget some bright exceptions of late years, and we cordially welcome a tendency to improvement. Certainly it is time that some portion of the exuberant life, energy, and independence which characterize our people were reflected in our political literature. Intelligent foreigners, fresh from the piquant gossip of French memoirs, or the full personal biographies and journals of British statesmen, find American politics, as represented in books, to be very dry bones indeed.

Mr. Lanman's book presents no exception to this remark, nor should we expect, in a work which undertakes so much, to find anything more than the briefest and most condensed mention of individuals. What can be done in ten or twenty lines of print toward a proper characterization and account of any public man? Yet Mr. Lanman's plan crowds into a single volume notices of all the members of Congress from 1786 to the present time, to which he has added, in this edition, biographical sketches of all the members of the Continental Congress. Between four and five thousand names are thus commemorated, and the chief value of the work is that it does for the reader what has nowhere else been done in a collected form. While it thus adds one to our few biographical dictionaries of Americans, it gives little or no information respecting most beyond their titular honors, their terms of service in Congress, and the dates of their births or deaths. We are thankful for so much, and give the industrious compiler full credit for his laborious and, in many respects, thankless task.

The work would have been much more valuable had the author's plan permitted him to give along with the notice of each Congressman the designation of the party with which he habitually acted. In Dod's "Parliamentary Companion," a work which is a model of this class of compilations, and is now in its thirty-fifth year of publication, the politics of members of Parliament are treated as too important a part of their biography to be omitted. Mr. Lanman's resolution "to express no opinions of living men, and but seldom to echo public opinion in regard to the dead," need not have been so finely drawn as to exclude a political classification of his subjects. As it is, he reminds us from his "Dictionary of Congress" to our files of the "Tribune Almanac" or the daily newspapers in order to learn what is often the only significant fact about a senator or a representative which we care to know. The same principle of so-called "impartiality" prevents our compiler from noticing the salient facts in the Congressional career of his subjects. Thus, we are told much about the dates in the life of Charles G. Atherton, of New Hampshire, and are even treated to the minute information that he "died of apoplexy," but not a word is said of the famous rule for the suppression of petitions on slavery known as the "Atherton gag-law." We are favored with half a column of dry figures respecting John J. Crittenden, but no mention is made of the "Crittenden compromise." Of N. P. Banks we are duly invited to admire the novel and surprising facts that he was "born of poor but respectable parents," and that "the love of books has been a source of gratification to him all his life," while not a syllable is heard of the memorable struggle which made him Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1856. We hear of Senator Benton's "valuable register of the debates in Congress" (which was not his), but nothing of his "Thirty Years' View," which is his sole characteristic legacy as a politician. Of Preston S. Brooks we are painfully and laboriously informed that he "died in Washington, District of Columbia, January 27, 1857, of acute inflammation of the throat," while the only thing which preserves the memory of the man is thus euphuistically recorded: "In 1856 he made a personal assault upon Charles Sumner, in the United States Senate Chamber, which event (!) caused much excitement throughout the country." We have heard much of the political eunuchism which long official residence in Washington is supposed to produce, but it strikes us that the above is a somewhat queer bit of "impartial history," even for the atmosphere of the capital.

We are sorry to find the work disfigured by many misprints and inaccuracies. Mr. Lanman speaks of Adams's "Essay on Canon and Federal (Feudal) Laws" (Law); he makes Francis Hopkinson born in 1737, instead of 1738; he says of Geo. P. Marsh that "in 1842 he took his seat in the U. S. House of Representatives, which he continued to occupy until," etc; he tells us that "the best biographies of him (Washington) were published by John Marshall, Washington Irving, David Ramsay, and George Bancroft"; he makes Mr. Sparks publish the writings of Washington in ten, and the writings of Franklin in twelve volumes. Nathan Dane, member of Congress from Massachusetts and author of the slavery-prohibition in the ordinance of 1787, is put down as "Nathan Dana," and inserted in the alphabet a full page out of place. D. P. Holloway, M.C. from Indiana, and afterward Commissioner of Patents, is entered as D. P. Halloway on page 161, whereas his name belongs and could only be looked for on page 185. All the names commencing with "Mc" are inserted after "May" instead of being treated, as in the best modern dictionaries, as if spelled "Mac," and classified accordingly. Such errors are venial in the first edition of such a work, but when we see "third edition" blazoned upon the title-page we confess to some disappointment. The compiler's knowledge of our political literature appears to have been derived from somewhat ancient sources. Thus, he has the works of Thomas Jefferson as "published in four volumes 8vo, 1829," but says nothing of the only complete edition, published by order of Congress in 1838. He tells us of Fisher Ames's works and memoir, 1809.

* "Dictionary of the United States Congress, compiled as a Manual of Reference for the Legislator and Statesman. By Charles Lanman." Third edition; revised and brought down to July 22, 1866. 8vo, 608 pp. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1866.

but is silent respecting the far more valuable edition published by his son in two volumes in 1854. In the article on James Madison no mention is made of his "Report of the Debates in the Federal Convention of 1787," perhaps the most important political text-book our country has produced. We are told of Henry Lee, "He it was who first uttered the memorable saying in regard to Washington, 'First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,'" whereas the sentiment was embodied in the resolutions of Congress prepared by John Marshall, and adopted ten days before Lee's oration was pronounced.

We are told in the preface that the compiler has embodied in the appendix "a mass of legislative and executive information calculated to be of service to members of Congress, especially in their examination of the public documents." We turn to the appendix, hoping to find some guide to the chaos of Congressional debates, or some indication by which to unravel the still more intricate mazes of the Congressional documents, but we find nothing which can throw a particle of light upon either. Considering that Mr. Lanman is said to have been for some years librarian to the House of Representatives, whose library consists almost wholly of Congressional documents, we might reasonably have expected some clue to the labyrinthine perplexities which the member of Congress, as well as the private student, finds in our ill-digested public documents. Even so slight and imperfect a classification of them as is given in Mr. Hickey's edition of the Constitution would have been a godsend, and we are not aware that the information in question is copyright.

Some of the biographical notices in this volume read suspiciously like the compositions of the subjects themselves. How otherwise could it have been recorded concerning Caleb Lyon, "of Lyonsdale," that he "was elected to the State Senate (of New York) as its youngest member, and for his services was presented by his brother senators in the state capital with a service of plate;" that "while abroad, he was identified with the Koszta affair as the friend (!) of Capt. Duncan N. Ingraham;" or, finally, that "he writes poetry, lectures on the East, translates Oriental literature, and is a member of several historical societies, with a passion for archeologic and antiquarian lore." After this, it is not surprising to be informed that "the degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon" this Admirable Crichton by the University of Vermont.

Upon what principle other than that of "natural selection" Mr. Lanman has apportioned his materials to his various subjects, must probably remain a mystery. The distinguished gentleman just referred to occupies nearly a column, while James Madison and Alexander Hamilton are despatched in half a column each, and Philip Schuyler and Joseph Reed are honored with a quarter of a column. So utterly insignificant a person as Kellian V. Whaley, of West Virginia, receives over half a column of commemoration, while Samuel Adams and Silas Deane are disposed of in half as many words. Arthur Lee occupies just two lines and a half, and Pierre Soulé an entire column. In the article on James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, no mention is made of his important writings on jurisprudence, nor of the fact that he was for nine years an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

We have said enough to indicate in what directions this work stands in need of improvement, and to explain, in part at least, the reasons why Congress has recently refused, by an overwhelming vote, to print a greatly enlarged edition at the expense of the Government.

THE SPEECHES OF HENRY WINTER DAVIS.*

BORN and spending his life in a Southern and slaveholding State, Henry Winter Davis was always a true lover of liberty, yet always, until the last year or two of his life, so fettered by adverse circumstances as to make it impracticable for him fully to acknowledge his convictions to the world, and probably to make him unwilling to admit in his own mind the conclusions to which his principles necessarily led. In reading his earlier speeches, the struggle between the convictions of his conscience and intellect and the prejudices in which he had been reared are very apparent, especially when compared with his later utterances, after he had rescued his State from treason and slavery.

It is very interesting to trace the gradual progress of Mr. Davis's mind towards his ultimate declaration in favor of equal rights. Entering into politics at some period between 1850 and 1855, in which latter year he was elected to Congress, he commenced public life at a time when the most

unquestioning devotion to slavery was the highest recommendation to public favor. Yet he hung back, and, while ridiculing abolitionists, he reserved all his denunciations for pro-slavery disunionists, avowing himself a disciple of Henry Clay upon the slavery question as well as upon other national issues. In the Kansas controversy he sought to do justice to the people of the Territory; and while refusing to recognize the Topeka constitution of 1856, he voted for every measure which seemed to promise a fair settlement of the difficulty, and a prevention of further outrage. To the Lecompton constitution of 1857 he offered an opposition as vehement as that of any Northern member of Congress. And finally, in 1860, he closed the protracted contest for the speakership by giving his vote for ex-Governor Pennington, of New Jersey, who was chosen by one majority. By this act, which was formally censured by the Maryland Legislature, Mr. Davis irrevocably cut loose from all pro-slavery influences, and lost his re-election in 1861. But it gave him a national reputation, and was an act as creditable to his foresight as it was to his patriotism.

On the memorable 15th of April, 1861, the day of Northern resurrection, Mr. Davis announced himself as a candidate for re-election to Congress on the basis of unconditional adherence to the Union. Four days afterward Baltimore was swept by a flame of treason; and even after the Federal troops took charge of the city the secessionists were allowed to vote, and Mr. Davis was defeated at the election held in June, 1861, by Henry May. In 1863, however, rebel sympathizers were excluded from voting, and Mr. Davis was again elected. He was the leading spirit in that canvass throughout the State, and organized and led to victory a party in favor of the immediate abolition of slavery in Maryland. This had to be effected by means of a constitutional convention, which was elected in 1864, and the work of which was ratified by a very small majority in October of that year. For the first time in his political history Mr. Davis was rejected by his own party in Baltimore that fall, and Mr. Phelps, whom nobody knows or cares to know, was nominated in his place for reasons which should be stated plainly.

Mr. Davis was a firm adherent of the Constitution. He believed that it gave ample powers for the conduct of the war; and he openly disapproved of Mr. Lincoln's well-meant, but clearly unconstitutional, suspension of the *habeas corpus* without the sanction of Congress. On the other hand, being himself a man of great energy and impatient of delay, he thought Mr. Lincoln slow and inefficient in the exercise of his constitutional powers for the suppression of the rebellion. He did not conceal his wish that Mr. Lincoln should not be renominated, and had some share in the private negotiations for the substitution of a new candidate. The Wade-Davis manifesto, issued immediately after Mr. Lincoln's "pocket veto" of the reconstruction bill in 1864, will be remembered as one of the severest criticisms ever passed upon him by sincere friends of the Union. Mr. Lincoln was not quite generous enough to prefer the rebukes of a faithful friend to the fawnings of toadies; and the whole influence of the Administration was used with success (a costly success for the loyal men of Maryland) to secure the defeat of Mr. Davis and his supporters. The nominations of Swann for governor and Phelps for representative, both of whom have betrayed their party and gone over to the rebels, were the melancholy results of Mr. Lincoln's interference with Maryland politics.

Mr. Davis was one of the first men to perceive and denounce the usurpations of Mr. Johnson; and his last public utterance was in a letter to THE NATION, published in October, 1865, setting forth the errors of the President's policy, asserting the right and duty of Congress to control the subject of reconstruction, clearly foretelling the results of Mr. Johnson's course, and declaring himself unequivocally for universal suffrage. This letter is contained in the volume now before us. It is peculiarly interesting on account of its being the only published paper in which Mr. Davis spoke all that he felt, and as the first open declaration of a Southern man in favor of absolute equality of rights among men.

Mr. Davis died suddenly in February, 1866, just as his predictions were seen to be correct. His loss was deeply felt not only in his own State, but by loyal men everywhere; for there is probably no other man in the South who can exercise such an influence for good. A gentleman in every sense, by birth, education, and manners, he was always in hearty sympathy with the common people, and had a wonderful sway over their minds. His oratory, in early life somewhat too flowery, became gradually purer in style, and carried conviction to the hearts of his immediate hearers, while containing such solid argument as will bear reading after the lapse of years. We know few, if any, public men connected only with the legislative department of government whose biographies would be more instructive than his; and although this volume is only a contribution toward the history of his life, it will be found both valuable and interesting.

* "Speeches and Addresses, delivered by Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland. Preceded by a sketch of his life, being an oration by Hon. J. A. J. Creswell." New York: Harper & Bros. 1867. Pp. 396.

IDALIA.*

A WRITER in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, a few days ago, carried away, perhaps, by the desire of finding progress in individuals as well as in the race, declared that, with scarcely an exception, the later works of novelists exceeded in worth, or showed no signs of falling off from, their earlier productions. Thus "Mugby Junction" was not inferior to the "Cricket on the Hearth," and "Our Mutual Friend" would compare favorably with "David Copperfield" or "Dombey." But there is hardly one of the famous authors whom he mentions who would be thought by a jury of impartial critics to show no signs of flagging powers; and when we come to the second and third and fourth-rate writers, to the Woods and Southworths and Evanses and others of that school, what do we find but repetitions and retrogressions? Take "Ouida," for instance. When her (we do not know whether the name hides a man or a woman, but we prefer to say her) first novel appeared, one might have given very fair reasons for reading it. It dealt in an overheated and sensuous way with somewhat repulsive incidents. The male personages united great culture with great stupidity, and wise, if we may believe "Ouida," in everything else, they most unaccountably fell victims to a very poor kind of women. Then their lives were blighted and they became morbid. But yet the reader felt some interest in the characters that the book described, and perceived some vigor in the mode of presenting them; so he, or she, could read the book through without pronouncing it remarkably tedious. But compare "De Vigne" with "Idalia," and their author will at once be put among the many by whom the *Pall Mall* critic cannot hope to find his rule supported. If there was some show of power and some approach to naturalness in "De Vigne," in "Idalia" everything is weak, false, and exaggerated.

Consider the book in the various points in which a novel may claim attention; and first look at the plot and the characters. If you expect the characters to be true to nature, you find that they are governed by none of the powers that usually move men, and that they are swayed neither by passion nor by reason. If they fall under the influence of some strong motive or into some critical situation, the motive is not allowed to produce its proper effect, nor the characters to extricate themselves by their own energy, but a *Deus ex machina* must intervene to set them free. The heroes and the heroines in the book we commend to the attention of psychologists, and the plot with its developments by jerks cannot fail to please the most conservative geologist.

Turning from the plot and the characters to consider the general style, the descriptions of scenery, or the merits of the dialogue, one is moved to equal wonder and amusement. There is probably no country that has sufficient novelty to awaken the author from her conventionalities. The notices of the lands that her personages visit are as formal and unimpassioned as the account in a guide-book, and as stiff and monotonous as the hieroglyphs of an Assyrian temple. If she seems to be on the point of giving a faithful portrait of nature, her wretched style comes in to spoil the effect, and the taste is shocked by her wanton abuse of English. She does not quote French with the freedom that marked her earlier novels; but she falls a helpless prey to Eastern words and Italian. "Sailor," for instance, she cannot say, but she delights in *marinaro*. And if one would get an idea of her skill in compounding expressions, he has only to look at these bits of pure senselessness which are culled from a number far greater than the six hundred tedious pages that form her book: grandly careless—the luminance which blinds the eye of men (meaning the sun)—chance its loss—in that world unseen which revolves under the rose (can this be *sub rosa*?)—grand dead names of Gracchan Rome—too integrally proud—every woman is at heart a Bohemian—slumberously restful—seized him by the linen of his vest (probably a Hebrew idiom for "his linen vest")—he recovered his momentary discomfiture (a very undesirable thing to recover, one would think; but does not a celebrated D.D., in a work still extant, tell us that iron becomes deoxidized on exposure to the air?)—and so on.

But these instances are too glaring to escape the reader's notice, and we refrain from further quotations. Yet such blunders form the sole merit of "Idalia." If the book has any value, it is this: that it will furnish high school committees and examiners of teachers a most convenient manual of false syntax and generally execrable English. For this last object it can be heartily recommended.

Writers of text-books of dogmatics should notice *Houmousians* and *Honmoiousians*, and the editors of Gibbon, *Commeni*; and there are none of us who cannot admire sentences like this: "Her thoughts were far away among the shadows of the past, the great past, when the Io Triumphe had been echoed up to the dim majesty of the Acropolis, and the roses had drooped

their fragrant heads upon the gracious gold of Alcibiades' love-locks." But what does "dim majesty" mean in this connection, and what does "gracious gold" mean in any connection? And look at this absurd sculptor: "The sculptor looks at the broken fragments of her statues, and throws aside his Calliope in despair before those matchless works." But let us cease to waste time on a worthless book. Yet the author is to a certain extent a favorite, and words are not wasted that may help even stupid and silly people like fond readers of "Idalia" to look with proper contempt on the ignorance, sensuality, and vulgarity of a person who has never written a book that has done good nor a chapter that has not done harm—a woman who has lost the respect of the good, an author that an intelligent school-boy can laugh at.

A LAST WARNING CRY FROM DR. CUMMING.*

ONE of our sins as regards the doctrine of Chiliasm has been the sin of dense and wilful ignorance. We have persisted in assuming that the world would last out our time, and have stolidly eaten and drunk, and married and been given in marriage, as if "The Great Tribulation" and "The Great Preparation" and "The Great Consummation" had never been written. But for this sin we hope forgiveness, inasmuch as it is shared so far as concerns density of ignorance by every Christian who has not and every Christian who has studied the Book of Daniel. The wilfulness is a worse feature in the case. So, also, is the fact that we have always laughed at Millerites in general, and Dr. Cumming in particular have had in special derision, as once, for instance, when *Punch* depicted the prophet of the Second Advent ceasing from his dolorous cry long enough to secure a twenty years' lease of his earthly house.

We make what atonement we can by publishing it abroad, so that all may inform themselves, that Messrs. Carleton & Co., of this city, have reprinted the three works by Dr. Cumming which are mentioned above, and with them one other, his latest, "The Last Warning Cry," a new and revised cry which finally, so far as the greatest of Chiliasts is concerned, closes up the whole business. It is now their own fault, not ours or Dr. Cumming's, if men are not fully prepared for the end of all things; at any rate, here is the doctrine of Chiliasm in a single volume, which may be cheaply bought and easily read.

We give the substance of it, for there may be men who will decline to read the book. The parable of the ten virgins describes under a figure the spouse of the Church returning to the earth to renovate it, reconsecrate it, and reign over it for a thousand years. The foolish virgins, says Dr. Cumming, are Christians who do not look for the speedy advent of the Saviour; the wise virgins are those who, like Dr. Cumming, do expect him. Now the ten virgins, just before the bridegroom's arrival, heard a cry, "The bridegroom cometh." The Church, if it will hearken, may hear this cry at the present moment. The Crimean war was followed by the Indian mutiny, that by the Italian war, that by the war between the North and South, that was closed by the assassination of Mr. Lincoln; "recently the son of the Autocrat of all the Russians was smitten by the pestilence from which he fled, and so the hope of a mighty empire sleeps in the dust." To this list we take the liberty of adding the Seven Days' War, the Cretan rebellion, the famine in India, the famine in the South, the fighting in the Corea, and the war in Mexico. We agree with Dr. Cumming that all this may be considered "distress of nations with perplexity;" and "distress of nations with perplexity," according to Dr. Cumming, was foretold by the Messiah as a sign of the eve of his approaching. We may doubt, however, if this description will apply to our Republican party, at any rate, though the doctor gives it as a description of the condition of things in the Northern States, "men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking for the things that are coming on the earth." But there are other signs, and Dr. Cumming quotes Sir Robert Peel, who said—we are not informed when or why—"every aspect of the present time, viewed in the light of the past, warrants the belief that we are on the verge of a universal change." Dr. Arnold is another witness; "Professor Robinson, the eminent American who has written so fully and ably on Palestine," is another; *The Quarterly Review* is another; "Dr. Krummacher, author of 'Elijah, the Tishbite';" Dr. Seiss, "Cunningham of Lainshaw," Bishop Chase, "Habershon," "Brooks"—gentlemen who seem to us to possess one, at least, of the distinguishing marks of prophets—are also cited as among the voices predicting the immediate coming of the final storm. A more remarkable member of the doctor's company of authorities is Lord Macaulay, who, we must say, is rather forcibly dragged in to testify; and Dr. Cumming may ponder the fate of Mr. Montgomery, and be thankful that his lordship is dead and can no longer contribute to *The Edinburgh Review*.

* "The Last Warning Cry; with Reasons for the Hope that is in Me. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E." New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. London: James Nisbet. 1867. 16mo, pp. 327.

* "Idalia: a Novel. By 'Ouida,' author of 'Chandos,' 'Strathmore,' etc., etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

"Such is the opinion of Macaulay," he somewhat disingenuously says, at the end of a quotation from that author's well-known plea for the removal of disabilities from the Jews. Then there is Herschel, a chief rabbi in the synagogue of the Jews in London, "who thinks that the advent of the Messiah cannot be long delayed after the year 1863;" and there is Lord Shaftesbury, who thinks, as we may say we do, "that it does not proceed from any spirit of criticism" if we say that we believe the signs of the times are really unparalleled and wonderful, and are leading to some final consummation.

It being admitted that the end approaches, can we fix upon the exact time of its coming? It is well known that Dr. Cumming thinks we can; that, indeed, he has already several times fixed it. In "The Last Warning Cry" he once more returns to the prophetic books of the Old Testament, and, carefully going over all the ground again, he is led to the conclusion that the great event is pretty sure to take place in the course of this year or before the end of 1868. These are the data:

We read in Daniel of a period called 2,300 days. Also, we read in Daniel of time, times and half a time. We read in Revelations of time, times and half a time, which is there said to be 1,260 days. Again, we read in Revelations of 42 months. Now, these last three periods, whether they be days or hours or years or months, are plainly of the same length; a time is 360 days, and time, times and half a time is 360 days plus 720 days plus 180 days, making in all 1,260 days. 42 months, counting 30 days to a month, are equal to 1,260 days. In the end of his last chapter, Daniel adds 30 days to his 1,260, making 1,290; then he adds 45 more, making 1,335, and he says, if Dr. Cumming is to be believed—we have not looked up the passage—that whoever lives to see the end of this 1,335 days, "will live to see the first blush of the millennial morn." Then the doctor goes on to show that in Scriptural phraseology "day" is used when "year" is meant. Nothing remains but to fix on the year when the 1,335 days began, and at once we know when to expect the end of the dispensation under which we now live and the beginning of the thousand years of peace. We want to find a time when there rose up, while still existed the ten kingdoms into which the fourth great power, the Roman, was divided, a power that should be an overlooking power, an episcopal power, a power that should crush the people of God, a power that should set aside recognized seasons and times, for Daniel wrote, "He shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws," and all this the said power shall do for 1,260 years—"a time, times and the dividing of a time." Then he shall begin to be consumed away.

Well, in the year 533 the Emperor Justinian wrote to Pope John II: "We have hastened to bring under your subjection, and to unite to the Church of your Holiness, all the priests of the eastern as well as the western district—to the see of your Holiness, the Head of all Churches." Thus, Dr. Cumming says, was organized the great apostasy which elevated a man to the headship which belongs to Christ, and this event and year, not the year A.D. 606, is the true *terminus a quo* in calculations of the beginning of Christ's reign. 533 and 1,260 make 1,793, the era of the French Revolution and of Napoleon, who dragged the Pope at his chariot wheels, and then the consuming of the papacy began; "whom the Lord will consume," the apostle says, "with the spirit of his mouth (a continuing action), and strike down with the brightness of his coming" (a sudden action). Daniel's final 75 years added to the 1,260, at the expiration of which period the consuming began, gives us the period when "the brightness of his coming" shall finish the work; and 75 added to 1,793 gives us 1,868, which is next year. We have only room to add that the papacy, the apostate power, has notoriously fulfilled the prophecy in regard to crushing the saints and speaking great words; and as for the predicted changing of times and seasons, Pio Nono dates his famous Encyclical in the tenth year after the authoritative promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception—much as Mr. Seward dates proclamations in such or such a year of the independence of the United States.

In outward appearances the books have the familiar cheap theological look—stiff, black, and gilt.

HORACE MANN.*

SOME men's "thoughts" are all that there is of them. It was not so with Horace Mann. His life was more than anything he ever said. And though his words would be inspiring if we knew nothing of the man that uttered them except what they convey, the story of his life gives them a

*Thoughts selected from the Writings of Horace Mann. Boston: H. B. Fuller & Co. (successors to Walker, Fuller & Co.), 345 Washington Street.

wondrous emphasis. Not that his life went less than is common into his words. Rather is the opposite of this true, that few men coined their hearts so much as he. But so intensely did he feel and live that his gift of expression would have been most extraordinary had it enabled him to symbolize in speech the length and breadth of his capacity. He said and wrote a great deal that deserves to be remembered, but he communicated more than he taught. The personal force that was behind his words made them "half battles," and won the victories which men attributed to his eloquence. He had much logic but more character.

The publishers of the little volume now before us have done good service to the public in preparing such a compilation. It will go into many circles which a larger volume would not penetrate. It will tempt not a few persons to go further and know more about a man the fragments of whose thought have so much nourishment in them. But as his thought is not a perfect index of his life, so is this volume but an imperfect index of his thought. He always loved a fine antithesis, and could, upon occasion, cram a great deal of meaning into a few sentences; and so it has been possible to make a volume of his sayings that is good, although it does not give his thoughts in their connection. But it is in the connection that they should be given if we would see them at their best. His power was not in parts, but in the whole; or if in the parts, still more in the entirety and sweep of his discourse. To know him as a thinker, we must read his speeches made in Congress, his articles in *The Common School Journal*, and his reports as Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education. These show the cumulative nature of his thought. To convince men was his purpose, not merely to illustrate his ideas, and to this end he was not satisfied with crushing opposition with the weight of his arguments, he would also bury it with their bulk.

If this collection of his thoughts does not impress the reader as being either very suggestive or very original, it will not, then, be strange. Had it been made to appear so, it would have been even less truly representative than it is now. For these traits did not distinguish him. He was not a seer, but a sayer and a doer. He was not a first-rate man. He was an organizer. The men who organize are always second-rate. He originated nothing, and did not pretend to do so. His test of truth was portability. He liked phrenology on this account, because it was so practical and business-like. He left other men to seek new truth. For himself, he went to work to see if he could not embody some of that which was already in the world.

He was the incarnation of the practical. Writing to a friend, he says: "Men say that God is never in a hurry; but we are." In another letter he scents the notion that having done our best, we are to leave to God the consequences. He fixed his eye upon these consequences, and argued from them to the means by which they could be gained. He was impatient for results. He despaired of the Republic almost every day. The death of a great man in whom he trusted seemed to fill him with alarm. "Can it be that God is not upon our side?" he asked, when Robert Rantoul died so suddenly just when he was needed most. The last words he ever spoke in public were the key-note of his whole life: "Be ashamed to die till you have won some victory for humanity." He was not content to be a skirmisher, to fight and fall not knowing how the tide would turn. He wished to see the end. Some men accept truth as their guide and follow it without reserve, certain that only good can come of doing so. Other men follow use. Of this sort was Horace Mann. He hated working in the dark. Whatever may have been his theory in practice, he was a strict utilitarian.

He consecrated all his energies to the improvement of his kind. In public life one does not often meet with men so free from selfishness. As a lawyer, he refused to take a case that he did not conscientiously believe he ought to win. He gave up his profession, which was growing every day more lucrative, and in which he might have risen to great eminence, in order to give all his energies to the cause of education. The extent and persistency of his labors seem almost incredible. The time he should have had for rest he gave to other causes closely allied to that which he most cherished—to the movement against intemperance, to measures in behalf of the insane, to penal legislation, to anti-slavery agitation. Would that the common-school system might find one such friend in every generation! But the story of his labors in behalf of education is almost tragical. At every step he met with bigoted and violent opposition. But it only put him on his metal, and, while it saddened him, made him work harder than ever. His views of education were not always so broad and philosophical as they might have been. Aurora Leigh tells Romney that his

"Fouriers failed
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within."

Horace Mann was no poet, at any rate not enough of one to see what

Mrs. Browning felt the poet should be able to see. He was a great believer in habit and drill. He believed rather in instruction than in education; had boundless faith in circumstance and will, made small account of a man's organization. Put any soul in favorable circumstances and arouse its will, and no defect of organization could long keep it down. Had his success depended on the correctness of his speculations it might have been much marred. But it did not; and so, although no poet, he did not fail. The common-school system is not bound to any special form of education. But once fairly established it can be made the vehicle of the finest methods, and to Horace Mann, more than to any dozen men beside, belongs the credit of having so established it.

It is impossible to read the closing records of his life without being saddened. The petty annoyances that afflicted him as president of Antioch College were of a sort he did not need to discipline his character. But they told terribly upon a nature that had been already overtaxed. It was the old story. The place was too small for so large a man. But he could perhaps have borne the harness had not the gad-flies stung him so. It was a good thing for Antioch to have this man. No wonder that the young men loved and honored him. It is only for himself that it must be regretted that he accepted drudgery when he needed rest. For, judged by any standard but his own, these last years of his life were a success; but the victory cost him his life.

A Treatise on Entrenchments. By Francis J. Lippitt, Brevet Brigadier-General United States Volunteers, late Colonel Second California Infantry, author of "Tactical Use of the Three Arms." (New York: D. Van Nostrand, publisher, 192 Broadway. 1866.)—This little book is such an excellent one that our only regret in welcoming it is that it was not published in 1861 instead of in 1866. It contains instructions and suggestions that would have been of the utmost value to our intelligent officers of volunteers. It is a handsomely printed duodecimo volume of one hundred and fifty pages. The technical terms which belong to the art of field fortification are clearly and briefly defined by the author in such a way that they readily fix themselves in the memory. The principles of the art are accurately laid down, and many illustrations of their application are drawn from the history of modern warfare, including the recent war of secession.

The increased range which modern improvements have given to projectiles has had some influence upon the conditions of the problems presented in cases requiring the use of field-works, but it is rather in the application of the principles than in the principles themselves that any change is to be noticed. Thus, the line of defence of a bastion fort has been fixed at one hundred and sixty yards, upon the supposition that that was the greatest length at which the musketry fire of flanks could be relied on to sweep the ditch and reach the enemy in front of the salients. It is obvious that the increased range of the rifled musket permits the lengthening of this line very considerably. Again, the penetration of a rifled projectile being greater than that of one fired from a smooth-bore gun, it is necessary that the parapet should now be somewhat thicker than was sufficient a few years ago. General Lippitt is prompt in noticing these changes incident to the modern improvements in ordnance.

It is as a hand-book and *aide-memoire* that his book has substantial value. It is so simple that any intelligent man of fair education can master its contents with a moderate amount of study, and yet it seems to contain all that an officer whose command is not large enough for him to have an officer of the engineers on his staff can almost ever need to know about entrenchments. Mahan's "Field Fortification" is not much larger than this, and made larger only by the addition of chapters on water-courses and bridges and on permanent works, but it is so much more concise as to require closer attention. General Lippitt's book is better suited to the needs of those who have had no training in engineering, and, for the student, may well serve as an introduction to the admirable treatise of Mahan.

In a scientific work all illustrations of principles should be found in facts about which there is no dispute. It is, therefore, a fault in the book before us that the principle that "from the moment an entrenched position is turned, it is no longer of any value," should be thus illustrated: "So, at the battle of Fredericksburg, nothing saved the Confederates' entrenched lines from being turned . . . but the extraordinary inertness of the commander . . . specially entrusted with that duty." The author here seems to forget that the case he cites is one as to which students of the facts differ widely, and that a treatise on entrenchments is not the place for an *ex cathedra* judgment not only that Franklin was "specially entrusted" with a certain duty, but that he was guilty of "extraordinary inertness" in failing to perform that duty. It may be added that he seems to forget that an event which never happened cannot be accepted as proof that a certain consequence would have followed if it had.

The chapters upon the attack and defence of entrenchments are excellent in principle and full of useful practical suggestions. Like the other chapters, they are enlivened by "modern instances." The diagrams scattered through the work are sufficient in number, and well suited to their purpose. It is not often that a book passes through the press in which there is so much to commend and so little to criticise.

The Huguenot Galley-Slave. From the French of Jean Marteilhe. (Leybold & Hoyt, New York.)—This book is a good translation of the memoirs of Jean Marteilhe, which were originally published at Rotterdam in 1757. It is the true history of a slow martyrdom of thirteen years, chiefly spent toiling, half-naked, as a French galley-slave. The genuineness of the work

has been doubted, but with no sufficient reason. Both external and internal evidence are satisfactory. The author was a humble confessor of the reformed faith, and might have prefixed to his story the words of a great apostle concerning twenty years of his life: "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." These sentences of Paul are an epitome of this story, but the heathen here are Catholic priests and the most Christian king Louis XIV.

The style of the book is simple and natural even in its occasional tediousness. The writer is not versed in composition. He hardly knows how to write. But his sincerity and his very inexperience give an air of reality. Not only in its plainness and lack of ornament, but in its calmness and patience the book is evangelical. It is the gospel of the sufferings of Jean Marteilhe. The value of the book is threefold. First, as a piece of unpretending natural writing; second, as materials for the history of religion and French Catholic policy in the opening of the eighteenth century; and third, as a study of human nature. The book is true and real, and therefore interesting and valuable, being the life of a human being. It is the narrative of an eye-witness and sharer in extraordinary religious phenomena, and so of worth to the student of religion. Lastly, it paints with conscience and without passion various and striking characters, showing man in his greatness and his meanness, his degradation and his divinity. The great King Louis is exhibited in his magnanimity condemning a man to the gallows for one impertinent sentence, and in his mercy softening death to perpetual slavery. The charity and brotherly love of Turkish slaves put to shame the priests of the Christian religion. We see, too, how thirteen years of torture could not conquer a human soul filled with a great hope and seeing, though afar off, the living truth.

Charles Wesley seen in his finer and less familiar Poems. (New York: published by Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome Street. 1867.)—The compiler of this little volume, Rev. Frederick M. Bird, is evidently well versed in matters of hymnology. To his present task he has brought enthusiasm and ability in equal parts, and as a consequence we have a very interesting compilation made from Wesley's entire works, which, as we are told, occupy above three thousand printed pages. Less than one-fifth of this amount of verse is generally known, and furthermore as it appears in the hymn-books is most fragmentary, and not infrequently is not a little altered from the original. To preserve the literary integrity of as many poems as have here been collected from their various hiding-places is a rule which Mr. Bird has resolutely followed. Nothing is here altered or abridged. The main object of the book is to convince us that Wesley was a poet and not a mere hymnist, or perhaps, more correctly, that in being a true hymnist he was at the same time a true poet. This object we are very sure will be attained. The charge that Wesley's matter has no more variety than his manner is abundantly refuted by the poems themselves. This book will go into many hands outside of Methodism, and for these it might have been better for Mr. Bird to bring "forth from his treasures things both new and old," according to their quality alone. By far the most interesting feature of the book is the autobiographic character of the first sixty pages. The most striking events and experiences of Wesley's life are here mirrored in his verse. Here the dark shadow of his early faith falls on the page; here, too, we see the light of his awakening to more cheerful views, the marks of persecution and sore struggle, the trace of love's alternate hope and fear, the bitterness of soul begotten of his son's "apostasy," and many other signs to indicate his style of character and life. The book is very neatly published and is as unpretending in appearance as it is thoroughly excellent in its conception and arrangement.

Two Marriages. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Christian's Mistake," etc. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—As the merits and demerits of Mrs. Craik as a novelist have been already considered at length in this paper (Vol. I., p. 376), a few words only need be added concerning the volume now before us. "Two Marriages" are two separate stories, whose moral lessons are intended for the fathers of marriageable children. The one shows how a young life may be blighted by the blind tyranny of a worldly-minded father; the other, how the highest earthly blessing can be brought to a son, even despite a great transgression, by the judicious course of a truly unselfish and spiritual-minded parent. Both these tales are told in so simple and straightforward a manner as to make them seem like histories taken directly, and almost literally, from real life. They are of a nature to draw out Mrs. Craik's best qualities of womanliness and instinctive correctness of judgment between good and evil. It is not often that stories of seduction can be recommended to all readers, and especially to young men; but "Parson Garland's Daughter" is worthy of being widely known, inspired as it is by purity and that profound knowledge of duty which is wisdom. "John Bowerbank's Wife" is far less interesting. One does not care to read of cases which are sad and hopeless from the very outset.

Languages Without a Master. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.)—Sanskrit bothered Ensign O'Doherty, and to learn it thoroughly took a fortnight of his valuable time; other tongues he acquired in the space of a few hours. Bar him, and we fancy all languages would be without a master so long as they were taught in this manner—that is, in a hurry, on the Robertsonian method. A. H. Monteith, Esq., offers us here Spanish in four lessons, Italian in but five; French, German, and Latin in six apiece. Forty cents is the price of each small paper-covered volume. Of course any one who wishes to learn any of the languages above mentioned is not wise if he does not get himself a good teacher if he can. If he cannot, we may say to him that there is something to be learned from these books, and, so far as we can judge, little of it will have to be afterwards unlearned.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE PROSPECT OF RECONSTRUCTION.

THE eyes of the country are just now turned more to the South than to Congress. The latter having passed a law providing a definite method by which the Southern States may regain their old footing in the Union, yet having left something to their option, the chief questions of political interest are whether those States will conform to the terms of the offer, and if so, what will be the result of their action.

The so-called legislatures of two States have already acted decisively, and in opposite directions. The Legislature of Virginia (we cannot well avoid the use of phrases that seem to admit a legality which we wholly deny) has passed a bill providing for the election of a convention in May, with liberty to colored men to vote. The Legislature of Louisiana, on the contrary, has passed resolutions declaring the acts of Congress void, and has summoned a convention, to be elected by white men only. Governor Wells has met this action by a proclamation announcing the law of Congress to be in force, and declaring all elections not held conformably thereto to be void. The Legislature of North Carolina has adjourned without taking any action.

In several States there are decided indications of a rising agitation, the sentiments of the white population being divided as to the expediency of reorganizing in accordance with the law, or of remaining inactive. Ex-Gov. Brown leads the movement in favor of reorganization in Georgia, where he is opposed by Col. Gartrell (formerly a member of Congress) and others. The only prominent Mississippian who has recommended such action is Gen. Chalmers, but he will soon be supported by others, although Gov. Humphreys is understood to be opposed to doing anything under the law. In North Carolina, the minority of the Legislature, comprising all who heartily welcomed the restoration of the Union in 1865, have taken steps toward the summoning of a convention in an informal manner. We have not heard of anything definite from the other States.

Upon the whole, we judge that, if the law is faithfully enforced by the President and his subordinates, the whole South will speedily conform to the terms of Congress. The amendment enacted at the instance of Mr. Shellabarger deprives the Southern whites of the option between military government and universal suffrage, which Mr. Sherman's proposition left to them; so that, whether they elect conventions or not, they must admit colored men to vote at all their current elections, while their only chance of escaping from military surveillance is by adopting constitutions recognizing the political equality of all men. The disfranchising clause affects only a very limited class, not including a single man under twenty-seven years of age; and it is improbable that the mass of people not excluded by law from political action will long continue to exclude themselves out of mere sympathy for the old race of politicians who are shut out. Even among the disfranchised class there are many sensible enough to comprehend the wisdom of submitting for a time to a limited disability rather than to keep their States out of all participation in the Government. Congress has deprived the stubborn of their favorite argument, that it was better to control the States, without seats in Congress, than to gain a place in Congress by sharing power with the colored race; for they are no longer to be left in supreme control of their States, and they can now see clearly the necessity of being represented in Congress.

It cannot be denied, however, that the soundest reasoning may fail to afford a basis for predicting the action of the Southern people. After the elections last fall it certainly seemed as if none but idiots would, in the situation of the Southern whites, refuse to accept the constitutional amendment as a basis of reconstruction. Yet they did so with comparative unanimity. And we presume that if they had a similar option under the Sherman statute they would reject it, even if they knew that worse terms would be imposed. But the new law gives them only the option between involuntary universal suffrage with military

rule, and voluntary universal suffrage without military rule. This is, of course, upon the assumption that Mr. Johnson will execute the law in good faith. If he orders it to be set aside upon the first decision of a petty court against its validity, or if he repeats the let-alone policy adopted at the Alexandria election, the law will effect no good. But we think that he has too much sense of his own danger to make any such rash experiments on the forbearance of Congress.

Measures have been initiated in both Houses of Congress for the purpose of putting the machinery of reorganization in motion, under the direct supervision of the national authorities; and some measure of the kind will doubtless be enacted forthwith. This is clearly the proper method; and the only wonder is that so able a body as the late Committee of Fifteen should have so utterly failed in its duty as not to have reported such a bill at the last session. We rejoice, for the sake of all sections, North and South, that Congress has finally adopted the doctrine which we have steadily advocated, even when its success seemed hopeless, viz., that reconstruction should be *immediate and compulsory*, and not left to the choice of the insurrectionary population, either as to time or mode. Nothing could be more opposed to the theory of the Constitution than the let-alone policy which, while denying the validity of the *de facto* governments at the South, provided no means for the creation of legitimate governments. This false position, the result of timidity and distrust of the people, has been all along the weak point of the Radical policy. Its abandonment will give general satisfaction.

Under all the circumstances, there can be no doubt that nearly or quite all of the Southern States will be properly organized and reinstated in the Union within twelve or eighteen months from this time. The only question concerning our subject that really remains for solution in the future is as to the practical working of the new governments, and especially of universal suffrage.

It has been confidently asserted—and we have ourselves shared the apprehension—that the negroes, being confessedly ignorant, poor, and unorganized, would be surely controlled by their old masters when they came to vote. Of course there is much to be said upon that side; and, had universal suffrage been conceded in 1865, we think that such must have been the result in districts not fully garrisoned by national troops. But for nearly two years past urgent efforts have been made to introduce light among the colored people; and Northern men and women have steadily gained influence over them, while their Southern masters have, to a very large extent, thrown away whatever influence they may have had by their oppressive laws and obstinate resistance to the elevation of the colored race. Of this latter fact, the immense emigration of negroes from South Carolina and Georgia, and the loud complaints of planters in Louisiana and Texas, afford conclusive proof. The colored people have, moreover, organized themselves in every large town of the South, if not even more widely, during the last two years; and, with such assistance as their white allies will be prompt to give, they will be fully able to inform their brethren on plantations of the issues and the candidates. We therefore believe that the last hope of the disloyal will fail them, and that the colored voters will generally sustain candidates acceptable to the North.

No one can doubt that the complete restoration of the Southern States, freed from all their old inequalities and oppressions, will materially benefit the whole country. An impartial administration of justice will give new energy to the laborer; for who that has ever worked while in doubt of being paid (whether at mechanical or mental labor) has not felt the impossibility of putting forth all his energy and skill? Labor in the South has been performed for two centuries with a certainty of *not* being paid, and for the last two years in a total uncertainty upon that point. The lash, which formerly supplied a motive for drudging effort, has been latterly withdrawn, or at least has not come as promptly and surely as it was wont. What wonder is it that, with the accustomed terror removed, and no certain hope supplied, the labor system of the South has failed to produce the old results? But this defect will be thoroughly cured by a sound reconstruction, which will assure to all classes their rights. It will also remove from the white people the fear of confiscation and punishment, which now hampers the efforts of some of the most effective men at the South.

It will take away the last element of uncertainty from our political future, and leave us free to enter upon plans of business without fear of political disturbances. On every ground, moral, political, and financial, we welcome the near approach of a perfect reunion of the States.

THE "RISING" IN IRELAND.

THE Fenian "rising" in Ireland, of which the news has been reaching us piecemeal during the past week, seems to have been the result of a plan for a simultaneous outbreak at various points in the island on the same day. The leaders are apparently all persons who have served on one side or other during the war in this country, and it is probably confidence in their skill and experience, and in their promises of help from the United States, which has secured them even the limited amount of help from the people which they have so far received; but, like most other plans of the kind, it has, as far as we can judge, totally failed. When men have to act in secret, under the eye of the police, at widely different places, complete concert becomes impossible. Unforeseen circumstances are sure to occur to prevent somebody doing what he undertook to do, at the time and in the way previously arranged, and a general change or postponement at the last moment is, of course, out of the question. Thus the "rising" in Kerry occurred some days before any movement was made anywhere else, and seems to have received no general support from the peasantry. One of the leaders, Moriarty, was arrested before it took place, when on his way to the scene of operations, and it does not appear that over two or three hundred, if so many, took the field. They were about to attack a police "barracks," but met a priest on the way who went and gave the police notice, and then came back and told the insurgents what he had done, and urged them to give up their enterprise. This, with the news that they were not supported in any other quarter, seems to have utterly disconcerted them. They at once scattered, and all that remains of the outbreak in Kerry appears to be a dozen or two fugitives in the hills whom the police are slowly hunting down.

A few days later similar "risings" occurred in Cork and in Queen's County and Kildare and Louth, each apparently consisting of the marching and countermarching of small bands, whose operations are confined to attacks on police "barracks," of one of which they are said, by the telegraph, to have secured possession. But in order to estimate the value of this achievement, the public here ought to know that these "barracks" are small stone cottages or "stations" scattered at certain intervals through the country, and garrisoned by a sergeant and five men. The Fenians would have to capture a great many of them before the "Irish Republic" came any nearer being established than it is now. Most of these attacks have been unsuccessful, a volley or two being, naturally enough, sufficient to disperse the ignorant, unofficered, and half-armed mobs by which they were made; and in cases in which the stations have been "captured," we suspect it has been owing to the police having previously evacuated them in order to concentrate.

If such a rising took place as the leaders, no doubt, contemplated and hoped for—the sudden appearance under arms of every man who had enrolled himself in the Fenian organization, followed wholly or even in great part by the peasantry—of course it would be a serious matter, and such a revolt, if prolonged and stimulated by a few successes at the outset, would doubtless require a large army for its suppression, and might maintain itself for at least one campaign if pains were taken by the chiefs to avoid great battles in the open field with regular troops. What may be done in this way by even half-organized bodies of men really in earnest, in a country affording good natural facilities for defence, was seen in the case of the Polish insurrection a year ago. But, then, it is safe to say that out of every one hundred men who took the Fenian oath, learned the "grips" and pass-words, and sung the songs in public houses, not over two have made their appearance in arms on the appointed night. In Ireland more than most other countries—though the same thing may be said of many other countries—there are always plenty of people who enjoy conspiring and being mixed up in the mystery of an illegal association, having the excitement of keeping an awful secret and dodging the police. The Irish have been doing this for two hundred years, and revel in it. The

"Rapparees," "Whiteboys," "Peep o' Day Boys," "Rockites," "Molly Maguires," have all been Fenian brotherhoods on a small scale. But the number of active members of these associations as compared to the population at large has always been very small, and the work they undertook to do—the murder of bailiffs, landlords, informers, the houghing of cattle, and burning of houses—was always tolerably safe. The mass of the people rendered no assistance in it beyond refusing to give evidence or information against the perpetrators, and the chance of discovery or conviction was only one in a thousand.

Taking the field to fight regular troops in open daylight, to stand up against grape and musketry, is quite a different thing; and it would be against all experience of Irish conspiracies if any but a very small proportion of those who have undertaken to do it were found in the ranks on the appointed hour. The great body of the Fenians probably were snugly in their beds on the night of the rising, determined to wait and see how the thing got on before they showed themselves; and as to those who had not joined the organization at all, they have doubtless been so thoroughly canvassed already that their refusal to join was pretty good proof that they would give the movement no aid beyond refusing to give evidence against those who took part in it. This has been the story of all Irish rebellions. From 1688 down to 1798, the Catholics bore the most horrible oppression without stirring hand or foot, the very flower of their number going every year to recruit the armies of Louis XIV. When they rose in 1798 they had the secret sympathy or open approval of the clergy, and were headed by a very respectable body of the Catholic gentry; and they had much the same encouragement from France, brought about by a very similar course of events, that they are now receiving from America, and yet the movement was feeble and partial. It was confined to two counties, broke down after one or two shabby skirmishes, and left the chiefs in the hands of the hangman. Much the same story may be told of the unfortunate outbreak of 1803, in which Emmett perished, and of that of 1849, which began and ended in the battle of Ballynary. In fact, the plain truth must be told that the feebleness of the Irish attempts at rebellion, the loud talking which precedes them, the small amount of desperation or determination or concert or persistence or forethought which characterizes them, and the ridiculous failures in which they end, form one of the most awful illustrations of the demoralization worked by a long course of oppression. There is no lack of physical courage in the race. They have proved, both in the English and French and in our own service, with an organized government at their back and experienced officers at their head, that there is no lack amongst them of the highest military excellence. They have been as impetuous as Frenchmen, as steadfast as Englishmen, on some of the hardest-fought fields of history; but when they are called upon in their own country for the display of "the unconquerable hate, the study of revenge, the courage never to submit or yield," which are absolutely necessary to make a rebellion against a powerful government anything but a farce, they have been invariably found wanting. Something in the atmosphere—some moral poison, bred of centuries of misery and helplessness and despair—seems to quite vanquish them when the moment comes to strike, and leaves of the best-planned and best sworn-to conspiracies nothing but empty bottles, stale tobacco, bombastic speeches, and new uniforms and flags. The iron of English rule seems to have so entered into their souls that nothing political do they do well—not even rebel.

But we must not judge the poor fellows who have embarked in the present hopeless struggle in Ireland with the same judgment as the bands of "blatherskites" who set up an "Irish Republic" in New York and who organize the conquest of Canada safely behind dry-goods counters in the Bowery, or who cross the frontier in arms, knowing that when the fighting begins they can if they please run back in a few minutes to safe and friendly soil. Every man who takes the field in Ireland fights in a trap, and with a halter around his neck. Soldiers may well be amused by their attempts to upset a government like that of England, with their own clergy and men of education and the hardiest and dourest portion of the Irish population, the Leinster and Ulster Protestants, dead against them. But neither statesman nor moralist can witness their endeavors without pity. Only those who believe Ireland

has no grievances, and that appeals for their redress to the English Parliament have met or seem likely to meet with fair consideration from it, constituted as it is at present, can judge harshly the few hundred men, fools and blind men though they be, who are now risking their lives in one more protest against a system which has produced so much misery, and of which the crowning condemnation is that it has made Fenianism possible. When He who sees in secret comes to reward us all openly, the unfortunates who are now wandering about the Irish roads as "rebels" will, we may be sure, be measured by a very different standard from that by which the world measures them to-day. No man who looks at the events of his own time in the light of history can fail to see in their efforts, puny though they be, a solemn appeal to the conscience of the English people, which we hope will not be marred by crimes or outrages, and which we are satisfied will not be made wholly in vain.

IMPEACHMENT FROM A LEGAL POINT OF VIEW.

PROFESSOR DWIGHT, of Columbia College, has recently made a very thorough examination of the nature of impeachment, of the crimes for which this mode of prosecution may be resorted to, and of the method of procedure, and the conclusions he has reached have been published in *The American Law Register*, and subsequently in a pamphlet which now lies before us. As he is the first lawyer of any prominence, so far as we know, who has undertaken to discuss impeachment as a legal question simply, and as he is removed both by position and habits from the arena of party strife, what he says on this subject is worthy the attention of everybody to whom the forms of law, as they are to us, are of deep and paramount importance, and who dreads as we dread the conversion of a legal process into a weapon of party warfare.

Mr. Dwight has made a very full and minute examination of the precedents from which the founders of this Government derived all their notions of what impeachment was, and from which, in fact, the word impeachment derives all its meaning, and he finds that impeachment and indictment are but two different modes of attaining the same end, but both are legal processes and governed in their course by legal principles. A man can only be impeached in England in cases in which he might be indicted. He is impeached on the presentment of the House of Commons; he is indicted on the presentment of a grand jury. But neither impeachment nor indictment means anything more than that there is sufficient reason to believe the defendant guilty of the offences laid to his charge to warrant his being put on his trial before the proper court, and pending the trial he is to be subjected to no greater inconvenience or restraint or deprivation than may be deemed necessary to secure his attendance from day to day. Says Mr. Dwight:

"It may be asked why, then, is the cumbrous process of impeachment ever resorted to? The answer is, that there were often found in England persons who could not readily be tried by the common law courts, either owing to an influence which overshadowed the ordinary tribunals, or because technical rules of practice made the usual remedies scarcely worth pursuing. Moreover, impeachment was often adopted as an instrument of faction, and was especially active when society was disturbed by party contests or was in the throes of a revolution. In fact, through this process, Parliament ultimately triumphed over the executive, and Parliamentary government, with ministers responsible to the Commons for executive acts, was formed.

"When the United States Constitution was framed, trial by impeachment was fully developed. It was not, however, adopted in that instrument as a regular mode of criminal procedure, to be employed in lieu of an indictment. It was made a means of trial of a crime so far as it had a political bearing. It is used as a means of depriving officers of their offices and of disqualifying them from holding such positions in the future. Still, it is requisite that a crime should be committed as a basis for the accusation. The Constitution provides, in substance, that the offence, so far as it has a purely criminal aspect, shall be tried in the ordinary courts; while so far as it affects the official character, it shall be the subject of impeachment. Though the English theory and procedure still substantially continue, impeachment in our law has a comparatively narrow scope. The House of Representatives, in analogy to the English House of Commons, has the exclusive power of impeachment, and the judicial power is vested in the Senate, in analogy to its deposit in the House of Lords."

As to the crimes for which a man may be impeached, they must, as settled by the English cases, be true crimes, known to the common law. The court of impeachment must administer the same law as an or-

dinary criminal court. It was the chafing of the Commons under this rule which in exciting times led them so frequently to pass bills of attainder. One great case, the impeachment of Lord Macclesfield, occurred a few years before the adoption of the American Constitution, in which the point whether any offence not an offence by common or statute law could be tried by impeachment was expressly raised, and it was decided that it could not. A similar decision was solemnly made in Lord Melville's case in 1806, when there was an entire absence of party feeling. The text-books, too, agree in declaring that impeachment does not differ in essentials from trials before ordinary courts; the rules of evidence are the same, and so are the legal doctrines as to crimes and misdemeanors.

From all this Mr. Dwight deduces the conclusion that as there are, under the laws of the United States, no common-law crimes, but only those which are contrary to some positive statutory rule, there can be no impeachment except for a violation of a law of Congress, or for the commission of a crime named in the Constitution. "English precedents," he says, "concerning impeachable crimes are consequently not applicable." Whether there are any crimes against the United States not statutory, was for some time the subject of much controversy; but Mr. Dwight holds the point to be now settled in the negative by a great number of cases collected by Mr. Wharton in his work on criminal law. The Senate has condemned in one case only—Pickering's—and as he did not appear, and the judgment was given by a strict party vote, the decision is of little value. The decisions of the other courts settle beyond question that United States tribunals do not take cognizance of offences not statutory. But even if they did, Mr. Johnson could not be impeached for abusive language or general indecorum of behavior. Here, however, we are met by a serious difficulty which Professor Dwight does nothing to solve. Suppose the President were to commit, say, burglary when on a stumping tour, and were convicted and sent to prison by the ordinary criminal courts of the State in which the offence was committed, would there be no way of removing him from office? Would he still remain President? May the House impeach him, and the Senate try and depose him for being a criminal and in jail, if not for being a generally unworthy and vicious person? A great many cases of this kind might be imagined in which the exemption of the President from responsibility to Congress might produce extraordinary inconvenience.

As to suspension from office during the trial, the English precedents show that even where the office of the person impeached was held at the King's pleasure, the House of Lords, even when requested by the Commons, refused invariably to join in an address to the King asking for his removal; where the office was permanent, and not dependent on the King's pleasure, the Commons never even asked for suspension. As to suspension on impeachment under the American Constitution, Professor Dwight says:

"Where an officer, like the President, holds his office by a certain tenure, the people, according to the principles of law, have a right to his continuous services, of which they cannot be deprived before his conviction for an impeachable offence, unless there is something in the language of the Constitution which confers the power of suspension by express words or necessary implication. If the officer holds at the pleasure of the appointing power, he may, of course, be arbitrarily removed by the person exercising the power of appointment.

"There is no express language in the Constitution conferring the power of suspension. There is no necessary implication, because it has been shown by English practice that the power to impeach does not involve the power to suspend.

"It is well, however, to go further than this. I maintain that the history of the Constitution, the debates upon it, and contemporary documents, plainly show that the power of suspension was studiously excluded."

In support of this position he cites the New York constitution of 1777, drawn by John Jay, and from which the provisions of the United States Constitution with regard to impeachment were closely copied. Now, the constitution of New York of that date does contain a clause expressly providing for the suspension of the governor on impeachment, and appointing the lieutenant-governor to fill his place; but this provision is omitted in the Federal Constitution, while all other clauses are copied. In addition to this, he makes the now familiar citation of Mr. Madison's opinion from the "Madison Papers," and cites, also

Chief-Justice Oliver's case from the works of John Adams, showing that the Chief-Justice continued to exercise his judicial functions in Massachusetts while under impeachment, although freeholders were so scandalized by it that they refused to be sworn before him.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Feb. 22, 1867.

I REMEMBER that two friends of mine, who were dabbling in chemistry, once made a highly explosive compound. They were so much frightened at what they had done that they crept out of the room in which it lay, upon their hands and knees. Presently, as no explosion followed, they came back and poked at it with sticks. Still it would not explode. Then they thumped it harder, and, at last, when it still remained obdurate, they threw it into the fire, where it smouldered away calmly with one tiny fizz. This interesting reminiscence may serve as an allegory descriptive of the great Fenian insurrection. After many months of anxiety, suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, and all kinds of ominous forebodings, it has come at last; the explosion has taken place, and the sound has scarcely been audible to the unassisted ear. The Fenian campaign was apparently to consist of two parts: a rising in Ireland, with a sudden *coup de main* in England to act by way of diversion. Accordingly, one Monday afternoon the inhabitants of the ancient city of Chester saw their streets swarming with strangers. It is true that they were unarmed and confined themselves to walking up and down, but in their accents the pale burghers distinguished the dreaded Irish-American twang, and in their walk there was a certain military swagger. Chester Castle contained a certain quantity of arms and ammunition and very few troops—as befits an old castle in the heart of a peaceful country. Mayors and lord-lieutenants and commanders of volunteers sent off telegrams in hot haste; troops were sent in from one quarter and another; the volunteers were armed; the citizens were sworn in as special constables; and the Fenians continued to walk up and down with a certain military swagger for the space of two days. They gathered into little knots which dispersed when spoken to, and even under the influence of liquor they let out no hints as to their nefarious plans. On Tuesday evening they went quietly back by train to Liverpool; the Fenian diversion was over, and an enthusiastic mayor was enabled to despatch a true Napoleonic bulletin, beginning "Chester is safe." Some sceptics said that a prize-fight had been arranged for that day near Chester, and that the mysterious strangers were merely the roughs who were on their road to attend it; but I think there can be but little doubt that they were in fact Fenians, if only because it is so exquisitely Fenian that the whole affair should end in the exhibition of a certain military swagger.

But next day came more awful intelligence. The Fenians were up in Ireland; police stations were being stormed; telegraph wires cut; railways broken up; bands of men were collecting in green uniforms under the command of experienced officers; fresh bands had been landed from ships off the coast; and, in fact, the explosion was really coming off this time. Rumors of all sorts flew about for a day or two, and so much dust was thrown up that it became exceedingly difficult to distinguish the facts. When at last a definite substratum of information merged from the bewildering clouds of fiction, the insurrection reduced itself to this: A number of men had begun to plunder a coast-guard station. They had shot a policeman who fell in with them whilst carrying a message for assistance, but did not wound him mortally. They then seem to have dispersed; but the troops, after scouring the mountains round Killarney for two or three days, found a few cartridges, and saw, or thought that they saw, fifteen or sixteen men on the top of a distant mountain. It must be a consolation to the Fenians that they have undoubtedly wounded one policeman, as, but for that incident, future historians might imagine that the whole outbreak was purely mythical. And certainly, considering that the net result of the insurrection was one partially effective rifle-shot, they made a very fair amount of noise for their money; as I presume this is one great object of Fenian disturbances, I am happy to congratulate them upon their success.

It should be added, as a last touch, to prove the felicitous nature of their combinations, that Government had just promised not to apply for a renewal of the *habeas corpus* suspension act, which would naturally expire in a few weeks. Of course this disturbance may, though I hope it will not, lead to a continuance of the suspension. Meanwhile we have seen the end of another of those melancholy farces which recur with such curious regularity in Irish history.

Whilst Chester was in the agonies of attempted revolution, a failure, almost as great as that of the Fenians, was being encountered by her Majesty's Government in the House of Commons. Mr. Disraeli was expected

on that night to reveal the Government scheme of reform. The nature of that scheme had been kept a profound secret; the veil was to be raised at length, and the world was to know whether the Tories would trump the Liberals by larger offers of enfranchisement, or would endeavor by some skilful juggling to get the credit of offering Reform whilst rendering the measure delusive. The House was, of course, crowded to its utmost limits; and great was the expectation when Mr. Disraeli rose to speak. I have always been told, and can fully believe, that Mr. Disraeli is at times an admirable speaker; I have heard him speak effectively when he is taunting his opponents on some personal question; no one can throw in a biting bit of sarcasm with more telling effect or with greater appearance of unconscious ease. But when Mr. Disraeli gets upon his high horse, and pours forth a string of generalities, intended as political wisdom, it is impossible to deny that he is disagreeably pompous. He has a beautiful voice; but he hums and haws and mounds his sentences, and gesticulates after an artificial and theatrical fashion, and is, in short, entirely unable to get up that flow of generous enthusiasm which carries Mr. Gladstone away, and enables him to carry his audience with him. He is always the clever politician, trying various artificial substitutes for genius, which never quite answer; his political wisdom rings hollow; it is flashy and tinseled, and makes no appeal to passion; the higher he attempts to soar, the more thoroughly unsatisfactory he becomes. Moreover, Mr. Disraeli is not only too much of an actor, but he never quite suits his acting to his audience; whether it is that he has something too much of the Jewish element in his character I know not, but certainly he signally fails in the important art to an English minister of being thoroughly in harmony with the sentiments of English gentlemen.

Now, on Monday night Mr. Disraeli was at his worst; he spoke for two hours, and throughout those two hours the chief material of his speech was composed of frothy platitudes. A few personal hits—one bitter remark upon Mr. Goldwin Smith, whom he described as a "rampant lecturer"—were applauded; the rest fell very coldly even upon his own party. Scarcely a cheer was heard during a speech certainly ill-calculated to rouse party enthusiasm. The pith and substance of it came to two propositions: First, Mr. Disraeli declared with much parade that it was time that Reform should cease to be a party question; which means to say that Mr. Disraeli thinks he ought to stay in, whether he can carry his own views on the most important question of the day or not. This rather cool proposal was wrapped up in a good deal of very fine philosophy; but somehow it still seemed cool. Secondly, Mr. Disraeli said that the views of Government would be indicated in certain resolutions to be published the next day. Thus the secret still remained a secret; and when the resolutions appeared the secret was preserved nearly as well as ever, for most of them were platitudes, which really decided none of the main points. The chief question is, of course, the extent to which the franchise should be enlarged, and the resolutions only say that it is to be enlarged without condescending to say how far. This, together with the redistribution of seats, forms the real battle-field, and will still remain open for discussion after the resolutions have been debated. Hence, the resolutions seem merely calculated to waste time, as they involve a whole preliminary discussion before the really important matters can be settled. If the Liberal party were sincere, there would doubtless be an attempt to turn out the Government at once, on the ground that such shilly-shallying with a matter of such importance cannot be allowed; but the Liberal party is anything but sincere. I do not believe that a hundred members in the House really desire a large extension of the franchise; the remainder of the *soi-disant* reformers merely vote for an extension because their constituents insist upon it, but will be glad of any pretext for bestowing the gift as grudgingly as possible. Hence the decision of the question depends upon the zeal of a small minority, upon the general desire to get the question settled in some way or other in order to make room for other business, and upon the pledges given by the leaders of all sides of the House. But with so small a leavening of real enthusiasm, it is hard to say what will be the end of a measure tossed about by so many and such conflicting political forces.

One other failure took place the same evening, which may be compared with that of the Fenians on the Government. It had been resolved to get up a monster procession to show the sense of the people on the reform question, which was to march from Trafalgar Square to Islington and there to hold a monster meeting. The procession, like the former one, was quiet and respectable, but it was still smaller in numbers—so small as to be a distinct failure. The fact is, either the people don't care very much about reform or they don't like processions. I believe both these statements to be partially true. There is a general desire for reform, but it has not yet reached the point at which monster meetings become a natural mode of

expression. There is nothing at all revolutionary or violent about the sentiment, and there will not be unless Government commits some gross folly. Moreover, Londoners, having seen our procession, had had quite enough of it; the interruption to business and traffic caused by a long row of shabby men with very bad bands of music becomes a bore. We do not see why Regent Street should be sacrificed for two or three hours to abortive efforts to get up such demonstrations. If they were successful, it would be another thing; but a mediocre procession, like a mediocre poet, is tolerable neither to gods nor men.

The mention of Trafalgar Square reminds me of one fact which may interest those of your readers who know London. Nelson's monument is completed—only sixty years after his death—by the four bronze lions which have long been expected. Sir Edwin Landseer has been employed upon them for eight years, and it is rather disappointing to find that, instead of four different lions, we are only allowed four repetitions of one lion. Such as they are, they lie admired by most spectators, and as grimly couchant as the British lion ought to be. The well-known lion of the Percys, on the top of Northumberland House, looks down upon them indignantly with his tail stiffly extended, but in spite of his obvious disapproval, and the criticisms of *The Saturday Review*, I think that the lions are generally liked. At any rate, I hope that Nelson—if he is still in a position to care about bronze lions—is gratified by this proof of our affectionate regard for his memory. His effigy on the top of the column looks more like a small mast-headed midshipman than ever, now that he is dwarfed by these metallic monsters. They cost £11,000 for casting, which is said to be extravagant, and Sir Edwin received in addition £4,000 and Baron Marochetti (who superintended the casting in his own studio) £2,000. It is an ill movement which brings nobody any good.

Correspondence.

A CORRECTION FROM MR. WHITTIER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

I am very well aware that merely personal explanations are not likely to be as interesting to the public as to the parties concerned; but I am induced to notice what is either a misconception on thy part, or, as is most probable, a failure on my own to make myself clearly understood. In the review of "The Tent on the Beach," in thy paper of last week, I confess I was not a little surprised to find myself represented as regretting my life-long and active participation in the great conflict which has ended in the emancipation of the slave, and that I had not devoted myself to purely literary pursuits. In the half-playful lines upon which this statement is founded, if I did not feel at liberty to boast of my anti-slavery labors and magnify my editorial profession, I certainly did not mean to underrate them or express the shadow of a regret that they had occupied so large a share of my time and thought. The simple fact is, that I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the Divine Providence that so early called my attention to the great interests of humanity, saving me from the poor ambitions and miserable jealousies of a selfish pursuit of literary reputation. Up to a comparatively recent period my literary writings have been simply episodic, something apart from the real object and aim of my life; and whatever of favor they have found with the public, has come to me as a grateful surprise rather than as an expected reward. As I have never staked all upon the chances of authorship, I have been spared the pain of disappointment and the temptation to envy those who, as men of letters, deservedly occupy a higher place in the popular estimation than I have ever aspired to.

Truly thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, 9th 3d Mo., 1867.

[To say that an author has "more than once of late seemed to express a regretful feeling that his life had not been devoted to poetry pure and simple" instead of being spent in turning "the crank of an opinion mill," is not to say that he entertains a settled conviction that his life has been unprofitably or disagreeably spent. We all have our occasional moments of regret, but in a year there are three hundred and sixty-five days and in each many moments. We have never doubted that Mr. Whittier's habitual feeling in looking back on his distinguished and most honorable career is, as it ought to be, one of honest satisfaction and thankfulness that he has been enabled to improve great opportunities. Still, he has recently seemed to express, humorously in the "Tent on the Beach," more seriously elsewhere—for instance, in a rhymed

preface to the late two-volume edition of his poems—the half-regret which was all we had in mind when the review in question was printed. —ED. NATION.]

"HORTICULTURAL MORALITY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In an article in your journal of Feb. 28, headed "Horticultural Morality," statements are made in regard to my volume entitled "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden" which, as they reflect personally upon me, I feel compelled to answer.

Were the article a mere review of a volume which has now been before the public unquestioned for more than four years, I might pass over the matter in silence.

In reply, however, I will confine myself wholly to the allegations asserted to be matters of fact, leaving unnoticed the personalities and the general discourteous and ungenerous tone of the whole article.

The first statement is that "the bulk of the book is taken, some would say stolen, from the work of a brother (English) horticulturist and author, Shirley Hibbard, who published, through Groombridge & Son, in 1857, a book called 'Rustic Adornments.'"

This statement is, in the first place, deliberately false as far as the text is concerned, as, indeed, the writer virtually admits himself when, having spoken of "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden" as a book of 408 pages, he at length confines himself to the pages between 232 and 286 as including the "stolen" matter, being in all 54 pages.

Now let us look at these 54 pages in detail: pages 232 to 253 are devoted to the Wardian case; of these 20 pages a portion are occupied by illustrations and the descriptions of the same, parts of which were condensed from various writers, and among others from Mr. Hibbard, as my publisher sent me leaves with illustrations torn from a volume which I have within a few days learned to be Mr. Hibbard's. These, by publication in journals and papers, had become public property, yet, in fact, they comprise but a small part of the twenty pages, the remainder being wholly original and the results of my own experience. The history of the discovery of the principle of the Wardian case and its description are also matters of common property. To sum up the matter, we have in these two chapters at the most four pages which are not original.

The next ten pages, from 253 to 263, treat of hanging baskets and ivy; these are wholly original; there is nothing upon the subject in Mr. Hibbard's book.

The next ten pages are upon Waltonian cases. At the beginning of the chapter, *vide* p. 263, the following sentence will be found: "We can, however, lay no claim to originality in this chapter; we have but collected all the best information on the subject." This information and the illustrations of the chapter came mostly from "The Cottage Gardener," *vide* Vol. III., p. 2—new series and *passim* for several years before. The next fourteen pages are devoted to the aquarium; as in the chapter on Wardian cases, a portion of these gives a description of the cuts, and these are not original; the cuts, however, do not come from Mr. Hibbard's book, but from a volume on aquaria published in London about 1855, and from which Mr. Hibbard's cuts were probably copied.

The best answer to the assertion in regard to the chapter on the tuberoses is contained in the following letter from the gentleman whose experience I am alleged to have stolen:

"BOSTON, March 4, 1867.

"E. S. RAND, Jr., Esq.:

"DEAR SIR: Having seen in THE NATION newspaper an article reflecting upon you as author of 'Flowers for the Parlor and Garden,' I deem it but an act of simple justice that I set the writer right in relation to one of the allegations of his charge. I therefore address you this note, with leave to use it as you please.

"I allude to the portion of the article on tuberoses, the simple history of which is this: During the year 1861, while on the Committee on Plants and Flowers in the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, I (at your request as chairman of that committee) prepared an article upon its cultivation, the result of my experience and experiments, which was published in the 'Transactions of the Society' for that year, and thus became public property. Yet you were gracious enough, while preparing your book, to ask my leave to transfer its substance to your pages, which I freely granted. If the author of the attack will take the trouble to look into your book again, he will see that you do not claim the experience as yours, but give due credit to another (see p. 199).

Kindly yours,

"E. W. BUSWELL."

Thus far as to text, the amount of the whole being that, out of a volume of four hundred and eight pages, about eight pages are not original.

Now as to illustration: and in the first place the author is in no way re-

sponsible for any of the illustrations which were furnished by the publishers, by whom the whole expense of the volume was borne.

The book contains in all about ninety illustrations, counting initial letters and tail-pieces; of these twenty-four are alleged to have been copied.

Of these so said to be copied those on pages 15 and 48 are original.

Those on pages 252, 253, 262, and 273 are insignificant initial letters or tail-pieces.

Those on pages 232, 235, 237, 238, 265, 266, 267, 274, 275, 280, 281, and 282 illustrate the text of the *Wardian* and *Waltonian* cases and the aquarium, and are copied, as we have stated; as are also those on pages 140, 224, 244, 286, and 307.

When it is remembered, as will be seen by reference to the volume, that these are generally the smallest illustrations in the volume, the spirit of the article will at once be manifest.

In regard to Mr. Hibbard's book, I never had it in my possession; as before stated, my publisher sent me certain cuts with a small portion of annexed text; what more natural than to use the ideas or even the words of another in illustrating his figures? I have never claimed these figures as original, but have ever in public and private told their origin as far as known to me, as many will bear me witness.

These remarks, however, have reference, as we have seen, to only a very small part of the volume, most of which, both in text and illustration, is entirely original, and embodies the results of my own experience.

What object the writer of "*Horticultural Morality*" had in view it would be difficult to conceive.

I may also be allowed to say, as it has been hinted to the contrary, that my only object in writing this series of volumes has been and is the advancement of horticulture, the pecuniary interest which I may have being so trifling as not to be worth mentioning.

In conclusion, I can only say that I have no wish to avail myself of the labors of others without giving due credit; if in the least respect I have seemed to do so, it has been unintentional; and in regard to the matter specially in question, any person interested, by comparing the two volumes, can be himself a judge of the merits of the case.

I deprecate a newspaper controversy, and ordinarily should allow an attack to pass unnoticed; but when statements so entirely false and calculated to mislead the public are gratuitously made, and when these statements also reflect personally upon me, I feel it a duty to myself and the public that such an article should not go unanswered.

EDWARD S. RAND, JR.

Boston, March 5, 1867.

[Mr. Rand complains that the notice of his book, "*Parlor and Garden*," in *THE NATION* of Feb. 28, is unjust and untrue, and assigns, in support of his complaint, several reasons, which may be classed as follows:

1. The statements made by the critic are false.
2. If they are true, they are of no consequence.
3. Some of the charges are undoubtedly true, but Mr. Tilton is responsible for the faults charged.
4. Mr. Rand has admitted in some places that he had no personal knowledge of the subject treated, and has, therefore, honorably acknowledged that what he wrote must have been borrowed.
5. Mr. Buswell is perfectly satisfied with the treatment he received.
6. Mr. Rand did not know that Mr. Hibbard's book was the source from which he obtained his information, because Mr. Tilton sent him pages torn out of a book from which to extract his materials, and he never knew what the book was.
7. Mr. Rand has frequently, in the presence of friends and acquaintances, disclaimed the credit due for the portions of the book he did not originate.
8. Malice must have prompted the reviewer to resuscitate a book published five years ago, and hitherto unchallenged.

Mr. Rand asserts that a comparison will show any one that his book was not borrowed from Mr. Hibbard. Let us look at the book itself:

"*Flowers for the Parlor and Garden*. By Edward Sprague Rand, Jr. Illustrations by John Andrews and A. C. Warren. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Edward S. Rand, Jr., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts."

E. S. Rand, Jr., and no one else, plainly claims the whole book as his work and property, yet he pleads that he had nothing to do with the illustrations, which "were furnished by the publisher;" and again he says: "parts of which (the text) were condensed from various

writers, and amongst others from Mr. Hibbard, as my publisher sent me leaves with illustrations torn from a volume which I have, within a few days, learned to be Mr. Hibbard's." Such a want of curiosity on the part of Mr. Rand is without parallel.

This plainly represents Mr. Tilton as editor and author, and yet the book presents no evidence of his complicity. He must have been at least equal to Mr. Rand in authority if he could furnish large portions of the book, Mr. Rand not even knowing where the extracts came from. Mr. Rand must have great confidence in Mr. Tilton's judgment to permit him to interpolate pages into his MS. in this manner. Can we believe our eyes when we read that Mr. Rand confesses to the public he wishes to teach that he has no power over his own MS., but that his publisher illustrates it as he pleases? This is purely ridiculous. Neither Mr. Rand nor the merest neophyte of an author would permit such an interference. Mr. Rand would have us believe that the illustrations, instead of being aids to the text to impress it more firmly on the mind, are mere prettinesses sprinkled in according to the economy or fancy of a publisher. If this is true of the relations between Mr. Rand and Mr. Tilton, Mr. Rand had better stop making books.

But admitting the fact that some of the illustrations were from Hibbard, Mr. Rand thinks we are making a great deal of fuss about a trifle. At most there are but twenty-four stolen cuts out of ninety, and many of them are very small. If he would confess where the other cuts came from, if not taken from "*Rustic Adornments*," we should find the ninety still further and very greatly reduced. The drawings are said to be the work of A. C. Warren, a very conscientious man. But we do not find Mr. Warren's name on more than four cuts. These, then, are all he cares to claim as his, leaving eighty-six taken from some book and directly transferred to the wood block. We find that there are more taken from Hibbard than we claimed before, the whole number being thirty-one. Mr. Rand asserts that the cuts on pp. 48 and 15 are original. The cut on p. 15 is not original; it is one of the emasculated illustrations referred to before, and is identical with pp. 3 and 2 of Hibbard, excepting its centre. The rock-work of Hibbard's illustration has been replaced by a green-house in Rand. This same treatment has been applied to the half-page illustration on p. 326—not claimed before—where the terrace of the cut on p. 327 of Hibbard is altered into a sloping walk; the Normandy poplars are converted into a green-house; a lady sitting on a chair is turned into a group of shrubs. The cut on p. 48 we did wrongly quote as from Hibbard, but we fill its place in our list by the cut on p. 7, which serves as a frontispiece to the book, which comes from p. 403 of "*Rustic Adornments*."

"But," says Mr. Rand, "when it is remembered, as will be seen by reference to the volume, that these are generally the smaller illustrations in the volume" (not true, by the way), "the spirit of the article will be manifest." Well, perhaps size is an excuse. It may not be so wrong to steal a calf as a cow, and he should be excused so far as the things he took were little things; but of the number one-third are either full or half-page illustrations. There are thirty-one taken from Hibbard, and as the wrong is to be reduced two-thirds for size, we must consider that only fifteen are really taken without acknowledgment.

But to come to the text: Mr. Rand publishes a letter from E. A. Buswell, who therein disclaims any feeling about the tuberose chapter, and says that the mention of Mr. Rand's old friend on p. 199 is all that he requires to satisfy him.

We will quote the passage to enable the reader to judge for himself if the public should be as easily satisfied as Mr. Buswell:

CHAP. IX. "How can I blow my tuberose? They grow well; they produce abundance of foliage, healthy as could be desired, but no flowers. Yet their culture is easy. They will blow freely with but little care, yet you must learn how to do it. And this secret was communicated to me a few years since [our italics] by an ardent lover of this flower, who proved it by producing spikes of bloom with twenty or thirty flowers." "The tuberose is a native," etc.

What does this acknowledgment amount to? No reader ever supposed, as he passed on from these quoted passages to the next sentences, that this friend who, several years since, taught Mr. Rand, wrote two and a half of the three and a half pages (between pages 199 and 203) which make this chapter on the tuberose, and published them in the "*Transactions of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society*" (pp. 45, 46, 47), from which Mr. Rand has taken them *verbatim*. It is an eva-

sion for Mr. Rand to try to escape the charge of using the printed labor of another person unacknowledged, by publishing Mr. Buswell's letter. What less could Mr. Buswell do than write it, considering that he is in daily intercourse with Mr. Rand and had no part in criticising him?

To analyze this book and cite all the borrowed matter would require a book as large as Mr. Rand's, but we will select a few examples to throw a little light on the way Mr. Rand makes books.

Two-thirds of the book describes the specific treatment of different plants. The horticulturist who reads Mr. Rand's directions finds nothing new in them, nothing but what has been frequently said elsewhere. An example of Mr. Rand's method of giving *original* directions may be found on page 231, where he treats of "The Lily of the Valley." This part of the book was not referred to before. Mr. Rand claims as his own all but that which was mentioned by THE NATION. But we find ten pages devoted to "The Lily of the Valley;" half of a page is the introduction, mostly Rand's, then commence the sentences which are the gist of the chapter: "If it is intended to remove the tubers when in flower," etc. From "if" to the words "is the same," nearly at the end of the second page, the whole is taken *verbatim* from page 612 of "The Cottage Gardener," 3d vol., new series; quite original, certainly, but not with Mr. Rand.

This does not prevent Mr. Rand's advice from being desirable, because an old thing newly and well said is often more valuable than new matter; but to claim the old thing as private property is stealing. Many of Mr. Rand's methods, in lieu of being new, or even the words of the author, are simply restatements or hashes of other people's ideas. Thus:

RAND, p. 277.

"For ordinary tanks almost any of the common aquatic plants found in brooks or ponds will be suitable. It is an interesting fact that the coarsest plants soon adapt themselves to circumstances, and that their growth becomes more delicate. The common (Potamogeton) pondweed appears too rank as a plant for an aquarium, but in less than a month its character becomes changed; it throws out delicate roots, sheds its coarse foliage, and acquires a smaller, neater and more delicately veined dress of leaves, and is a beautiful plant."

HIBBARD, p. 97.

"For ordinary tanks and bell glasses almost any of the common weeds found in ponds and brooks will be suitable. Those which have a large growth, like Potamogeton and Ranunculus aquatilis, being the least suitable."

"It is, however, an interesting fact that the coarse plants soon adapt themselves to the circumstances of the case, and native robustness being subdued by confinement, their habit of growth becomes more delicate and refined."

"Potamogeton densus, when lifted from its cozy bed, appears too rank a plant for growth in a tank, but in less than a month its character changes; it throws out delicate white rootlets, sheds its coarse foliage, and acquires smaller, neater and more delicately veined leaves, and at last becomes a beautiful object."

We should hardly deem it necessary to give other examples of Mr. Rand's method, had he not said in writing, "I have no recollection of ever copying a word from any volume," perhaps because he used "leaves torn from a book." "After a rough MS. left my hands, it was corrected by the publisher, and I never saw it again till I read the proof, which I did (as is my custom) without reference to the MS." If Mr. Tilton interpolated the many pages taken from Hibbard (not eight, as Mr. Rand says), Mr. Rand must have been rather surprised when he got his proof.

But, however culpable otherwise, Mr. Rand feels clear about the Waltonian case chapter, because he says in the first part of the chapter, "We can lay no claim to originality in this chapter; we have but collected all the best information on the subject." This would be a good defence if the pages following had been written in the same spirit; but no person would ever suspect, as he continues to read, that all the rest of the chapter is taken from Hibbard *verbatim*, or adapted. Thus, he continues from the passage quoted with extracts from Hibbard until he comes to the passage quoted in THE NATION of Feb. 28, which he alters as therein described, and then continues *verbatim* until he comes to the words "a shilling a week;" as the currency might betray him, he substitutes "fifty cents a week." The next three lines he changes in like manner, and then returns to Hibbard for two pages and a half. Then follow two pages of some other author or "leaves torn" from some other book, and then Hibbard again for another page, ending with one of his changes:

HIBBARD.

"The limited size of the case may seem to militate against it somewhat; but though it is not intended for the commercial florist, who must strike cuttings by the thousand, it nevertheless will perform such an amount of work, when well managed, as to meet the wants of most amateurs who delight in a garden of limited dimensions."

RAND.

"The small size of the case may seem to be against it, but will perform such an amount of work, when well managed, as to meet the wants of most amateurs." [We have here about four and a half pages of Hibbard, plus two taken from page 2 "Cottage Gardener," Vol. III., new series.]

This chapter is so ingeniously managed that no one would suspect that Mr. Rand was not the original writer of the whole matter. He treats the chapter on the Wardian case in the same way (p. 233). After reading a few paragraphs of Mr. Rand's, we come to one beginning, "Mr. Ward extended the experiments," etc., where, without any warning, we pass from Rand to Hibbard. After half a page of Hibbard, Mr. Rand reduces the two following pages of Hibbard, beginning, "Mr. Ward extended the experiments, and arrived at the conclusion that certain kinds of vegetation readily," into about nine lines, commencing: "The experiment was extended, the case was shown," etc. He returns to Mr. Hibbard, with very slight changes of text to the end of the chapter. He makes such introversions as this:

HIBBARD.

"One side of the sarcophagus top should be fixed on hinges to let down as a door, to give the necessary ventilation occasionally."

RAND.

"One side of the top should be fixed on hinges, so as to give occasional ventilation."

To the end of this chapter, ten pages in all, Mr. Rand adheres closely to Mr. Hibbard, using his words, lines, and sentences, condensing in some places, taking literally in others; but no one, with Shirley Hibbard and Rand before him, would for a moment deny that Rand is a simple reproduction of Hibbard. If, as he says, he condensed it from various authors, to none of whom he gives any credit, it is strange that he should employ Hibbard's words.

We might continue these quotations from other parts of the book, but enough has been said to overthrow Mr. Rand's charge of falsehood, and to prove him, as we have said, a plagiarist.

Mr. Rand makes a strong point of the misuse of the word *bulk*, in THE NATION of February 28, because, as he shows, the larger part of the book is not taken from Hibbard. The book is to be considered as a whole, and when one finds the first page taken from Hibbard, and then in traversing the book page after page of illustrations, with accompanying text, throughout from the same author, the effect upon the mind is such that one is warranted in declaring the bulk of the book to be Hibbard's. We might, however, make a further defence of the use of the word. The printed sentence differs from that in the original MS., which said, "The bulk of the book is taken, some would say stolen, directly from the works of brother horticultural authors, and especially Shirley Hibbard," etc., and the change occurred by some inadvertence in copying the MS. for the press. But without using this as an argument, which, of course, could not be known to Mr. Rand, we still maintain that more than enough has been proved to sustain the charge of having presented a book to the public as his own production of which he was in no sense the author, and, if his own statements are to be taken, hardly the editor.

Mr. Rand complains that having been left unnoticed for five years, nothing but malice could have induced the criticism of February 28. We can heartily disclaim malice or personal feeling, as the writer of the notice of his book had never seen him when it was written.

Had Mr. Rand ceased writing books and magazines his error would have been left to slumber, but as the two first numbers of *The American Journal of Horticulture* are clouded by similar faults, it seemed a duty to the reading public to call their attention to the facts.

That Mr. Rand has frequently disclaimed the portions of "Parlor and Garden" not his own is to his credit, but his private disclaimers have never reached the public ear. His name is still on the title-page and in the copyright, and we who read have no way of knowing that he is ashamed of his production. Mr. Rand talks about things becoming "public property." What we complain of is that he has tried to convert public into private property, and then copyright it.

A man who edits or compiles a book often obtains more credit than the man who first wrote it. What we demand is that authors shall state by some obvious sign where they get their borrowed material, and that the task of supplying publishers with text for cuts, without knowing or caring where the cuts come from, be left to hacks, of whom there are plenty here, if not in Boston.—ED. NATION.]

THE TARIFF ON BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Your correspondent, "A Publisher," in THE NATION of March 7, tells us that "25 cents per pound in gold will average less than 20 per cent. upon

the net wholesale price in London." Let us see. I will take the books known as Bohn's Libraries as a fair standard, because—1. They were all published since 1850, and therefore come within the class of new books upon which "A Publisher" wants Congress to levy a heavy additional duty. 2. They are very largely imported, being continually wanted by gentlemen collecting libraries, as well as by the poorer class of students; and 3. Being within everybody's reach, the facts can be easily verified or disproved by any reader. The volumes embraced in Bohn's Standard Library, then, weigh from 15 to 20 ounces each. Putting the average weight at 18 ounces, the duty on each volume, at 25 cents per lb., is a little over 28 cents in gold. Let us now see what it is at the present duty of 25 per cent. *ad valorem*. The books are published at 3s. 6d. per vol. in London, and they are bought (even by private buyers) at 2s. 6d. sterling. This, at 25 cents to the shilling, makes them cost 63 cents each, as invoiced for duty, the tariff on which, at 25 per cent., is precisely 16 cents, or a fraction under. From 28 take 16, and the difference represents the amount of "protection" which "A Publisher" modestly asks, that he may reprint Bohn's libraries! We already pay a tax of 35 per cent. (currency) on every book from abroad to support the Government and protect him; and yet we are asked to add nearly 30 per cent. more (28 cents gold on Bohn's 63 cent volumes equals 45 per cent. duty *ad valorem*, equals 65 per cent. in currency nearly) in order that one book in ten may be issued in an American edition.

Take another example. I have lately imported a copy of the works of King Frederic II. of Prussia, in 13 volumes 8vo, the cost of which in London was 18s. sterling. Under the existing tariff the duty cost me just \$1 in gold. Being an old work, the proposed new imposition (I mean what I say) of 10 cents per pound, so much lauded by "A Publisher" as "scarcely more than nominal," and "designed to encourage the formation of libraries and stimulate higher culture," will apply. I weigh the book, and find 21 lbs. of "dirty linen," as Voltaire called the works of his royal patron. This, at 10 cents per pound, is precisely \$2 10, or a little more than 100 per cent. increase on the present duty. "Scarcely more than nominal," you see!

That I am not citing extreme instances, I appeal to the experience of every man who has imported second-hand books for his own use, to prove. Take up Willis & Sotheran's catalogues, or those of any London dealer in old books, and you will find multitudes of English and foreign books, such as are continually ordered for libraries, quoted at an average price of 3s. per volume. Now, the average weight of these volumes is 30 ounces for the octavo size. This, at 25 cents per pound, is 47 cents per volume, gold duty, whereas the gold duty on a 3s. book, at 25 per cent. *ad valorem*, is but 19 cents. Here is a difference of much more than 100 per cent. on books printed since 1850. Even in the highly seductive shape of a 10 cents per pound duty on all books prior to that date, the increase of duty on cheap books, on the same basis of weight and cost as above, carries up the duty from 19 cents to 30 cents, or over fifty per cent.

Another objection. This dividing of books by an arbitrary date into two classes, and taxing one class *twice and one half* as much as the other, is monstrously absurd, and would prove in practice intolerably vexatious. Either every foreign seller must divide off the contents of every box or package of books by their dates of publication, and make two separate invoices, or else the Custom House officials must open every book, and go through an intricate maze of calculations to arrive at the several duties to be charged on each invoice. What is to be done with books printed without any date at all? What with serial sets of books, like Grote's "History of Greece," the publication of which began in 1846 and finished in 1856? Was the book published before 1850, or since? a question involving, perhaps, several dollars of duty to the Government or the purchaser, yet liable to be decided arbitrarily and unjustly.

Again, the proposed new specific duty discriminates between books of which no editions are printed in this country and others which are reprinted. Who is to tell what is or is not reprinted? Must the Custom House discharge its old experienced entry-clerks and appraisers and engage a brand-new set of hands whose qualifications are that they know the trade-lists by heart? Add to this the intricate calculations above-named, and the almost certain probability that the law will be repealed or revolutionized before two years' operation, and it is apparent that it will cost Uncle Sam quite as much to enforce it as it will come to.

"A Publisher" asserts that the proposed law imposes "no prohibitory duty," and charges you with having "accepted without due examination the assertion of some interested party." I have given you facts, not assertions. Fifty or a hundred per cent. increase may or may not be a prohibitory duty, according to the means of those who have to pay the imposition. I am a private student, and import books for my own improvement when I can afford it. Probably that makes me "an interested party," and "A Publisher," who

looks down upon the vulgar herd of American scholars from the lofty standpoint of disinterested virtue, may not relish our mild protest against being additionally squeezed in order that our liberal and successful publishers may double their already handsome fortunes.

VERITAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

I am surprised to find the following in a communication to THE NATION of March 7:

"On old books and foreign books the proposed duty of 10 cents per pound is scarcely more than nominal—hardly, indeed, sufficient to pay the cost of collection. It is, as you can not but see, an enormous diminution of the existing impost, and was especially designed to encourage the formation of libraries and to stimulate that higher culture on which so much of the future destinies of the Republic depends."

I have purchased a large number of old books during the past year, and my impression has been that the proposed duty of ten cents per pound on old books would increase their price. I have weighed some books, taken at random, with the following results. In order to find the amount of the present duty, I take your correspondent's data and deduct 25 per cent. from the retail price for the importer's profit. The remainder shows the whole cost price, including the duty. As the present duty is 25 per cent. *ad valorem*, one-fifth of the cost price will be the duty. This allows a liberal amount for the duty, as I have taken no account of freight, insurance, etc.:

	Duty in Currency at 25 p. ct. <i>ad val.</i>	Weight.	Duty in Gold at 10 cts. p. lb.
Rees's Cyclopaedia. 45 vols. 4to. London. 1819.....	\$35	184 lbs.	\$18 40
Aiken's Biography. 10 vols. 4to. London. 1809.....	10	38 "	3 80
Donelli de Jure Civili. 16 vols. 8vo. Nuremberg. 1836.....	5	16½ "	1 65
Gisborne's Sermons. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1809.....	1 50	4 "	40
Dictionnaire de Médecine et de Chirurgie Pratiques. 15 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1829.....	8	32 "	2 20
Q. Horatii Flacci Opera. 2 vols. 4to. London. 1792.....	5	13 "	1 30
Law Magazine or Qr. Review. 41 vols. 8vo. London. 1828-49.....	30	84½ "	8 45
Christian Guardian. 25 vols. 8vo. London. 1809-33.....	6	30½ "	3 65
Dictionnaire de L'Académie Française. 3 vols. 4to. Paris. 1822.....	5	14 "	1 40
	\$18 83		\$41 25

But in the above estimate the *ad valorem* duty is set down in currency. To find the true relation between the present duty and the duty at 10 cents per pound, we must reduce the currency to gold. \$18 83 currency = \$13 95 gold at \$1 35, the present rate. So we have \$13 95 in gold *ad valorem* against \$41 25 gold specific, and yet "A Publisher" says:

"No manufacturing interest, I suspect, has approached Congress with so moderate a claim for protection, or one in which the interests of the consumer were more carefully guarded."

I am aware that many old books are expensive, and in many cases the duty at 10 cents per pound would be less than the present duty; but I am also well aware that the proposed duty would be much higher, upon the whole, than the present one. If we must have a specific duty, let us have a fair and sensible one. Can any one read the provisions of the bill last proposed without at once concluding that the intention of the publishers was to make the importing of books as difficult and perplexing as possible?

It seems to me that readers and students have some rights that publishers and booksellers are bound to respect.

Respectfully,

AVOIRDUPOIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of the 7th instant there is a statement contained in the communication signed "A Publisher" which has a strong odor of untruth. It is as follows:

"Why we have been anxious to obtain a specific rate on books you can perhaps understand when I have it on good authority that in the negotiations between the various bookselling interests, resulting in the plan proposed, the importers offered to make no opposition to a duty of 75 per cent. *ad valorem* if we would abandon a specific rate, which, as I have shown above, only amounts to about 20 per cent. on the ordinary English wholesale prices."

As it reads, the public are informed that the importing interest offered to submit to a duty of 75 per cent. *ad valorem* rather than to a specific duty, which is equivalent to about 20 per cent. only. Of course the inference is that the importing interest is a swindling one, and prefers to take the chances of defrauding the Government out of 55 per cent. of the legal duty rather than submit to a specific duty. Now, we deny the above statement, and perhaps your correspondent will be kind enough to give his "good authority."

Yours truly,

IMPORTERS.

'THE SOCIAL EVIL AND ITS REMEDY.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The admirable article in your paper of Feb. 21, 1867, with the above title, calls for the thanks of every sensible man. It is a subject which has exercised the minds of many, and yet one which is difficult, for various obvious reasons, to speak or write plainly about.

If you will indulge me in a few remarks on the subject, I desire to treat it, as it has occurred to me it *ought* to be treated, with exceeding plainness of "Saxon" diction, taking as a text ("preachers" can hardly get along without one) these words of the article referred to (page 153): "Society, through legislation, . . . does not pretend to assail a sin. That duty devolves on the sociologists, the moralists, the preachers, and other guardians of the public ethics; and it is a duty from which they are in no manner or degree absolved."

This is very true; and yet all must acknowledge that the topic is one exceedingly difficult to handle in the pulpit. In ancient Sparta it was not deemed a crime or even a disgrace to *steal*; but if any one was *caught* in the theft, *that* was treated both as a crime and a disgrace. With us, to such a degree is an unhealthy prudery cultivated, it is considered *very* wrong and unpolished to *speak* of things plainly; while the *commission* of those things it is held improper to speak of in public is held (practically) to be the more venial fault. We may in the pulpit *generalize* about sins, those of lust included; but to go into detail, to show what leads to sin, to mark the sin plainly, to suggest remedies or preventives accurately, is hardly allowable. The women would be driven from church, the men would feel that their wives and sisters and daughters were insulted.

As, therefore, you have opened your columns to the discussion of this subject, I beg, in the only way left, to give a "preacher's" view of causes, remedies, preventives; the two last being admitted to be of but partial efficacy. Still, a partial abatement of the evil is better than no abatement.

It will be admitted by all that the great moving cause of prostitution is the lust of man, not of woman. To prevent the wrong thus done by man to woman, the lust of man must be controlled, or at any rate regulated. If it be possible to bring this about to any extent, the evil will be so far forth *mitigated*, if not eradicated.

Now, the question arises, *how* is this control or regulation to be effected? To answer this, the *causes* of lust and those things which foster and promote it when existing must be clearly seen to be reasonably dealt with.

Every healthy man has *natural desires*, which are as much a part of his constitution as are hunger and thirst. Confined within lawful bounds they are not reprehensible. Why is it that they so universally exceed those bounds? In the first place, because boys do not grow up with a *healthy* knowledge of their constitutional powers. Parents and teachers feel a natural delicacy in teaching the boys committed to their care anything at all connected with this matter. But this is wrong. If boys were *properly instructed*—if they were taught, as soon as able to learn, what solemn things human life and human virtue are, how dreadful is the wrong of this vice, how by natural laws it is visited by pains and penalties in the body, how degrading and unmanly a thing to gratify desire at the expense of innocence and weakness and misfortune is, how fearful is the guilt of helping even one woman down the pathway of shame and sorrow; if, in addition to such theoretical teaching, the plates of medical works were shown them in which the horrors of the disease are so truthfully and fearfully delineated—if such instruction were given solemnly and faithfully to boys, one great safeguard would be attained. It may be objected to this that it is enlightening them too early upon subjects which children are supposed to be better ignorant of; but let it be remembered that the knowledge always comes, and comes *early*. The only difference is that the knowledge given by parental instruction is *healthy*, and produces healthy results; the knowledge boys pick up here and there for themselves is always prurient and unhealthy, producing in the vast majority of cases the results which culminate in all the horrors of prostitution.

So much for the mental training of instruction. Parents and teachers should do more. Nothing so much stimulates lust as idleness, luxury, and sloth, working with a depraved imagination. Hence care should be taken that the bodies and minds of boys and young men should be constantly kept busy by exercise and work. Let manly sports be cultivated, let the mind be busied with study, let the child be sent to bed reasonably *tired*, and made to get up and bathe in cold water as soon as he wakes in the morning, and immediately have something in the nature of work or play to attend to. Let the diet be plain—as unstimulating as possible. Such care, added to the care of proper instruction, cannot fail to produce most beneficial results.

But bad books must be kept out of the way. Here is something for legis-

lation to do. I fail to see why indecent pictures and the low-priced books of vice are dealt with by law, while such books as "Laus Veneris and Other Poems," having upon them the imprint of a respectable publishing house and gotten up with all the charms of fine binding and good type, are allowed to be scattered broadcast. The natural results of such elegant pruriency as the pages of that book exhibit are to send young men of excitable temperaments to houses of prostitution, in order to gratify passions which have been inflamed by their perusal. There is another provoking stimulant of man's lust which legislation cannot reach, which can only be touched by the common sense of moral women. Joseph had a means of escape by running away—into the street, I suppose. We cannot find even in the streets an asylum at any rate from evil thoughts, which are the prolific parents of evil actions. So long as modest women will countenance "tilters," and wear such short undergarments, so long will the street displays which they make be anything but a help to virtuous struggles on the part of men who wish to fear God and honor woman; so long will a willing pruriency be fostered and inflamed in those whose imagination is led to run riot by the revelations whose coy suddenness is so suggestive. That shameless women should thus display their persons is no wonder; it is a great wonder that so many moral, pure-minded, Christian women are so culpably careless. There is enough of this element among the sex so to control fashion as to help virtue and discourage vice. Suggestion is more prurient than open display. Many men would be disgusted with the latter who would simply be allured by the former.

The influence of pure-minded women is almost boundless. Let them exercise a little thought in this matter, let them be guided by common sense, let them give no occasion themselves, and let them, with that majesty which feminine virtue possesses, indignantly frown down, even by social ostracism, others who give occasion to men to be less pure-minded and purled than they ought to be. A great responsibility rests upon married women, especially mothers. They know what their thoughtless daughters, in their innocence, do *not* know; and they should see to it that their daughters are modest in dress as well as in action.

It is not to be denied that early marriage is a great safeguard to both men and women. But how, especially in that "good society" which, from the ease and luxury abounding in it, produces stimulants to vice on the part of men, is it possible in our time for men to marry early? Extravagance and love of display, a desire on the part of both young men and young women starting in life to maintain the same state as their parents live in, the costliness of female attire in the present day, etc.—all operate as so many insuperable hindrances to early marriage; and, for the *men* at any rate, the natural results follow. They *will* gratify themselves illicitly, and society suffers proportionably; especially as, while a fallen woman is ostracized promptly, the fast men are rather popular than otherwise. If they were ostracized in like manner, as they ought to be, the evil would be greatly checked. One of the chief glories of Victoria's reign is that the English court has been rendered comparatively pure. This is due exclusively to her personal influence. *All* Christian women can exercise a like influence within a smaller sphere; and the cumulative influence of Christian women in society would produce grander because more general results.

Let them take the matter in hand, quietly but determinedly; and while the Christian charities of "midnight missions" might still be necessary, they would not be so universally so. Legislation would not be so loudly called upon to interfere; man would be purer and woman more uninjured.

But so long as even our Christian churches display the allurements of *revealing* fashion; so long as prurient literature is condemned only when it is presented in a cheap or repulsive form; so long as the intellectual and physical education of boys with regard to this most solemn matter is as culpably neglected as it is, so long will the only check, the only palliative, the only repression, be lodged in the strong arm of the law, which can, at best, only salve over a hideous sore, whose nastiness *might* have been greatly prevented by simply beginning at the right end and using

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Premiums.....667,790 73
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Law Expenses, Rent, etc.....228,926 51—2,690,088 76

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Accrued Interest.....\$157,463 75
Market Value of Stocks in excess of Cost.....301,795 00
Premiums deferred or in course of transmission.....1,212,811 69
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INCREASE IN NET ASSETS FOR THE YEAR.....\$3,526,947 12

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The great volume and exquisite quality of tone, as
well as elasticity and promptness of action, of these new
Upright Pianos, have elicited the unqualified admiration
of the musical profession and all who have heard them.
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